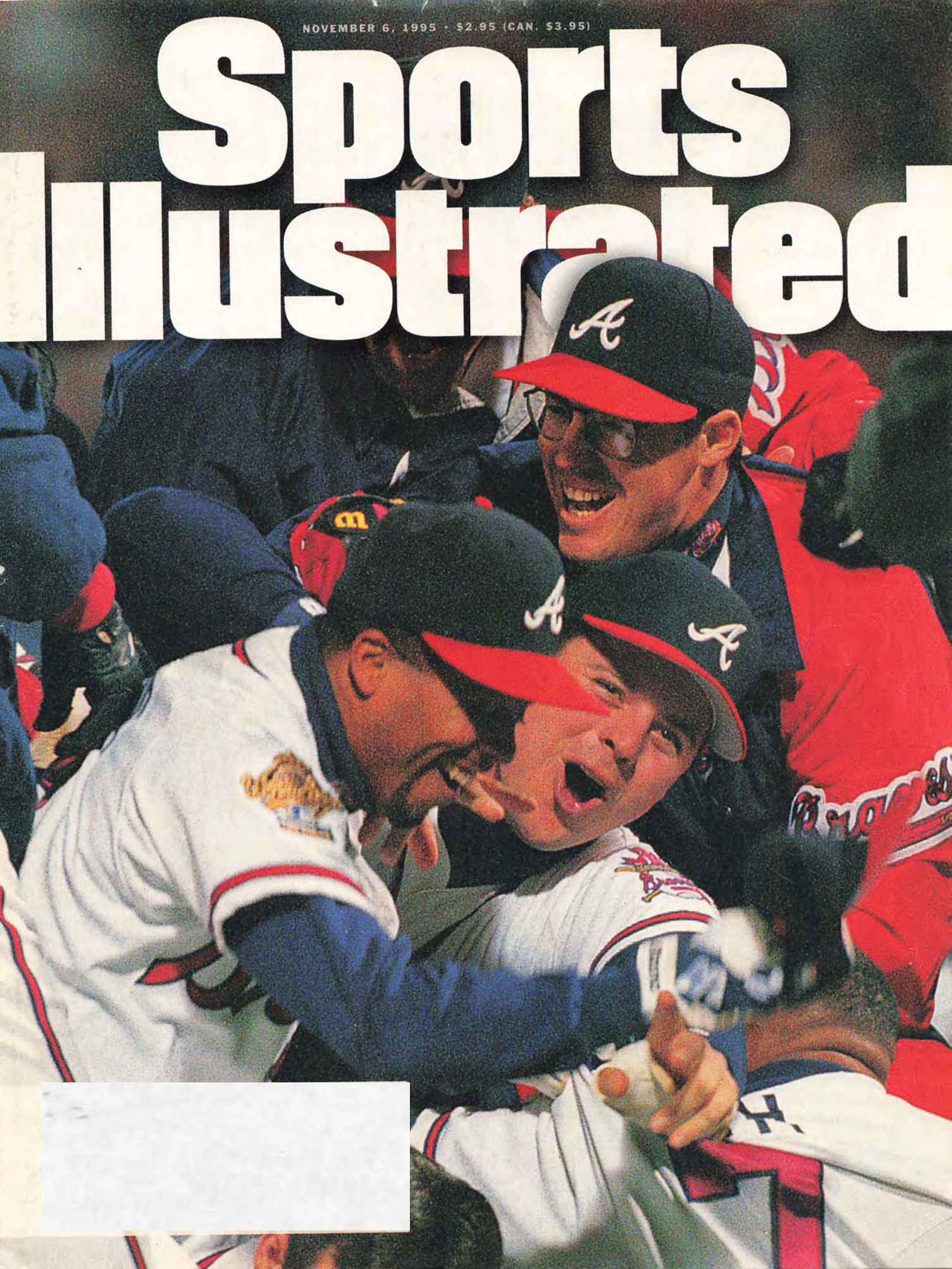
NOVEMBER 6, 1995 · $2.95 (CAN. $3.95)

Sports Illustrated



PARENTS' GUIDE TO KIDS' SPORTS

Teach The Importance Of Good Sportsmanship

BY RICK WOLFF

DESPITE MY FEARS, THE COACH GAVE ME HIS HAND, NOT A HARD TIME.

At a kids' soccer game a few years ago, the ref didn't show up, and I got roped into the job.

As luck would have it, I found myself making lots of close calls — and one of them made the difference in the game.

Late in the second half, a defender on the Blue team reached up into the air and partially deflected a shot from going into the net. I blew my whistle, called the hand ball and awarded the Yellow team a penalty shot. Sure enough, the Yellow team converted and went on to win 1-0.

A few minutes later, as the two teams walked off the field, the losing coach came briskly toward me. I didn't know if he was going to take a swing or just curse me out. After all, a lot of people take youth league games pretty seriously.

But as he approached, the coach stuck out his hand, looked me directly in the eye and said, "This kills me to say it, because we lost the game on a tough call, but you did a terrific job as the ref. I just wanted to say thanks."

To this day, I still think about that coach. I knew that, deep down inside, he had to be hurting, but in his disappointment, he showed me the ultimate in sportsmanship.

According to my dictionary, sportsmanship means a sense of respect for your opponent's abilities and sensitivities, regardless of the outcome of the game. That's a good place to start, because all parents should remind their kids to be "good sports." But reminding them—and teaching them—are usually two different thoughts.

Don't wait for the coach to teach sportsmanship. As a parent, that's part of *your* job. Let your children know that, win or lose, sportsmanship is essential in competitive sports. It's just as important to teach them why it's wrong to run up the score in a lopsided victory as it is to teach them to congratulate opponents when they have just lost a heartbreaker.

Sportsmanship provides the necessary balance in the game. Explain to your kids that without sportsmanship, the outcome of the game becomes meaningless because victories become hollow. Remind them that the beauty of sport is this: There's always tomorrow, and there's always another game to be played. Congratulate today's winners, because tomorrow you'll want them to congratulate you.

Suggest to your league that the kids—and parents—sign a pact of sportsmanship. This can be a one-page statement in which you and your children pledge to exhibit sportsmanship throughout the season. Getting kids to seriously read and sign the pledge has great impact on them.

Children who fail to be good sports should sit out the game. It's a coach's (and parent's) obligation to remove an unruly player immediately. All kids want to play; forcing them to sit on the sidelines because of bad behavior may be painful, but it's an important lesson they should learn early.

If you don't enforce this, you're doing your kids a terrible disservice. Remember: Somebody has to act like a mature grown-up here. It might as well start with you.

Some Friendly Advice...

- ✔ **Have the parents of each team shake hands after the game, along with the players and coaches.**
- ✔ **If a player from either team is injured, stop the game immediately. The outcome of the game is meaningless. The injured child's well-being should always be the top priority.**
- ✔ **Practice the Golden Rule of Sports: Treat the kids and coaches on the opposing team in the same way you would want your child and coach to be treated.**

Sports psychology expert Rick Wolff is the father of three children and the author of Good Sports *(Dell), a parents' guide to youth sports. You can send questions to Mr. Wolff at Parents' Guide, P.O. Box 5574, New York, N.Y. 10185-5574.*

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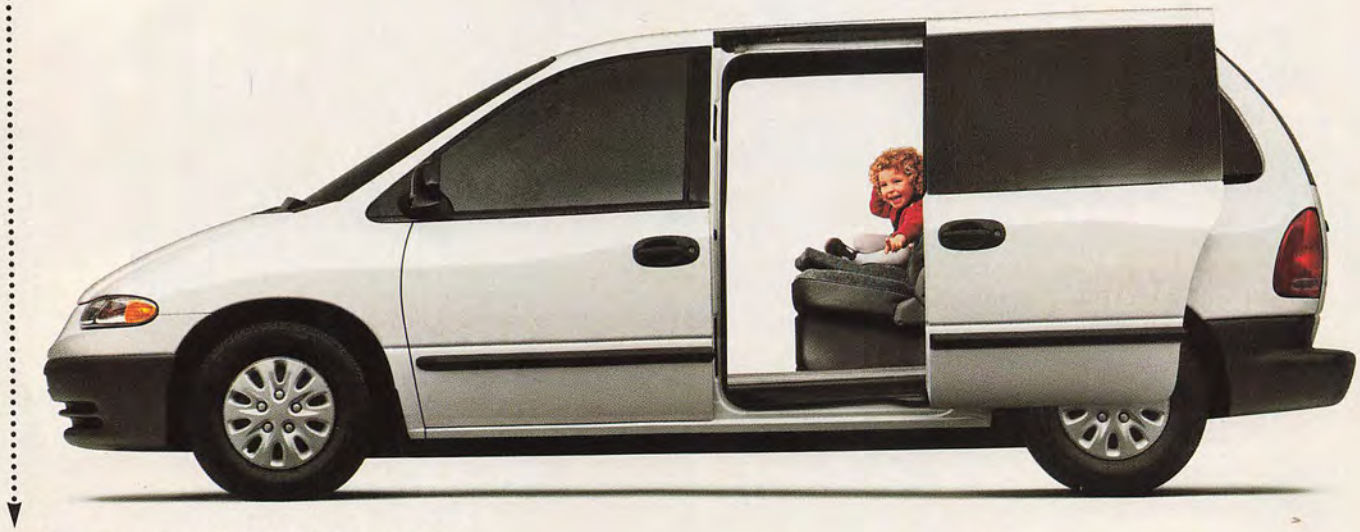

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Sports Illustrated

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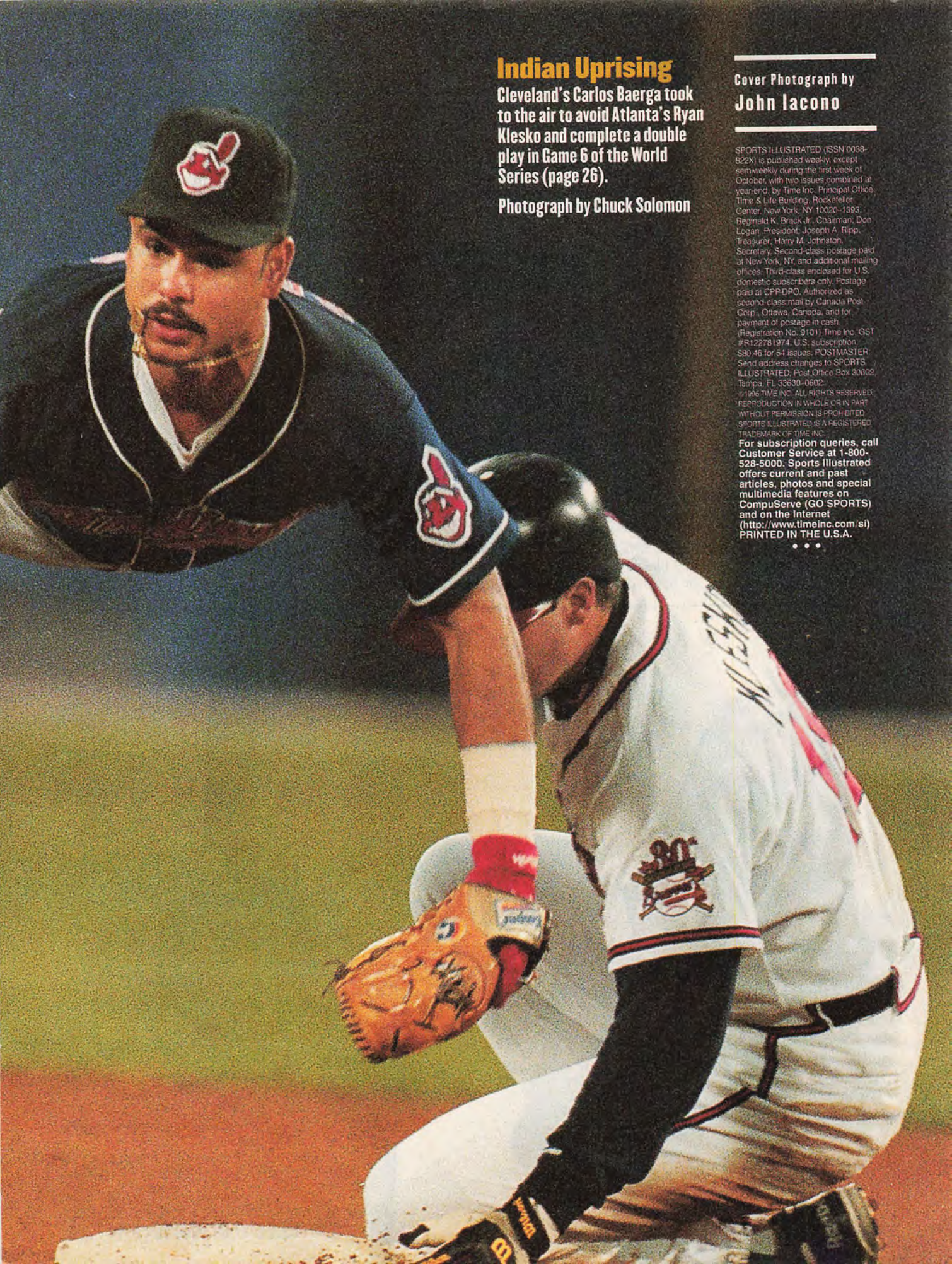

Indian Uprising

Cleveland's Carlos Baerga took to the air to avoid Atlanta's Ryan Klesko and complete a double play in Game 6 of the World Series (page 26).

Photograph by Chuck Solomon

Cover Photograph by
John Iacono

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LISTEN TO senior writer Johnette Howard tell stories about growing up in Pittsburgh during the early 1970s, and you learn why it was a wonderful place and time to be a kid: During that decade the Steelers won four Super Bowls and the Pirates won two World Series.

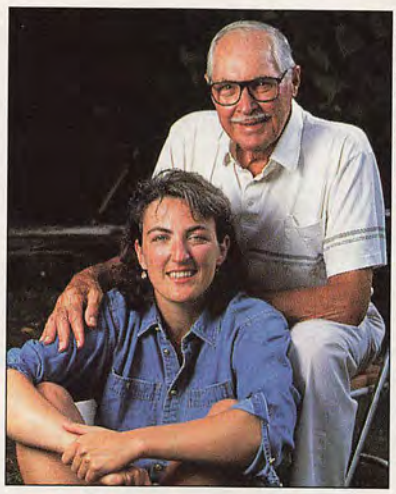
Johnette and any number of the 47 kids who lived on her block on Broadway Extension could always be found playing football or baseball on a makeshift field painted on the street. Twenty-seven of Howard's relatives lived on the block, and the family got together every Sunday at her grandparent's house for soup and Jell-O followed by a Steeler or a Pirate game.

"My favorite memory is of Grandpap yelling at the TV set," Howard says. When a ball would find the gap at AstroTurfed Three Rivers Stadium, Bob Prince, the late Pirate announcer, would cry, "There's a bug on the rug!" To which Howard's grandfather, Roy Davane, now 85, would rant, "Just say it's a double, dammit!"

Prince often told it like it wasn't. Says Davane, "Johnette always told it like it was. I wasn't surprised that she became a reporter." As a sixth-grader Johnette and her younger brother, Mark, published a newspaper, *The Broadway Dispatch*, and sold it for 15 cents from her red wagon. "We started a trend that other newspapers followed," she says. "We folded."

After graduating from Pitt in 1982, Howard, now 35, worked for the *Detroit Free Press*, *The National* and *The Washington Post* before joining SI last January. While she has often used wit in addressing subjects from figure skating to football, it is her strong reportorial skills that are most evident in her story on the burgeoning role of unregulated summer-league amateur basketball coaches, which begins on page 100 of this week's issue.

Today Davane watches the same Pittsburgh teams as he continues to follow his favorite sportswriter. "Of course it's been awhile since *The Broadway Dispatch*, so it's nice to read what Johnette writes in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," he says.



DAVID LIAM KYLE

Howard and Davane, her first fan.

Mark Mulvoy

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THE ESPN SPORTSPAGE

THE WEEK IN SPORTS ON ESPN & ESPN2: SAT 11/4 – FRI 11/10 All Times Eastern

AUTO RACING

ESPN2
RPM 2Night
Sunday 8pm

BOXING

Top Rank Boxing
Friday 8:30pm

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

ESPN
Team USA
vs. Connecticut Huskies
Sunday 1:30pm

ESPN2
Team USA
vs. The Stanford Cardinal
Friday 10:30pm

CFL FOOTBALL

ESPN2
CFL Playoffs
Saturday 4pm

CFL Playoffs
Sunday 4pm

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ESPN
College GameDay
Saturday 11:30am

Illinois Fighting Illini
vs. Iowa Hawkeyes
Saturday 12:30pm

Texas Tech Red Raiders
vs. Texas Longhorns
Saturday 7pm

Texas A&M Aggies
vs. Rice Owls
Thursday 8pm

ESPN2
Baylor Bears
vs. Miami Hurricanes
Saturday 12pm

SportsNight:
College Football Edition
Saturday 3pm

Ohio State Buckeyes
vs. Minnesota Golden Gophers
Saturday 7pm

ESPNET SPORTSZONE

http://espnet.sportszone.com
Check out Dick Vitale's weekly column for inside information on college hoops.

GOLF

Senior PGA Tour:
Senior Tour Championship
Begins Thursday 4pm

NFL FOOTBALL

ESPN
Edge NFL Match-Up
Sunday 12:30am

NFL GameDay
Sunday 11:45am

NFL PrimeTime
Sunday 7pm

Sunday Night NFL:
Miami Dolphins
vs. San Diego Chargers
Sunday 8pm

NFL Prime Monday
Monday 7:30pm

ESPN2
Edge NFL Match-Up
Saturday 11:30am

NHL HOCKEY

ESPN
Los Angeles Kings
vs. St. Louis Blues
Tuesday 8:30pm

ESPN2
New Jersey Devils
vs. Los Angeles Kings
Saturday 10:30pm

Calgary Flames
vs. New York Rangers
Monday 7:30pm

Los Angeles Kings
vs. Dallas Stars
Wednesday 8:30pm

Vancouver Canucks
vs. Chicago Blackhawks
Thursday 8:30pm

NHL 2Night
Check Listings

SPORTSCENTER

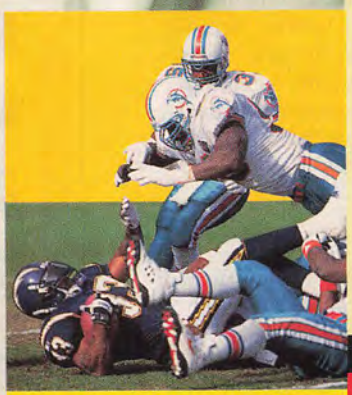
Live Shows Daily:
Saturday 2am, 11:30pm
Sunday 2am, 11am, 6:30pm, 11pm
Monday 6:30pm, 11:30pm
Tuesday 2am, 6:30pm, 11:30pm
Wednesday 2am, 6:30pm, 11pm
Thursday 2am, 6:30pm, 11pm
Friday 2am, 6:30pm, 11pm

DID YOU KNOW?

Excluding the two expansion teams, only six NFL squads have failed to post at least one 1,000 yard rusher in the 90's:

Team	Last 1000-Yard Rusher
Miami	Delvin Williams, 1978
Green Bay	Terdell Middleton, 1978
Oakland	Marcus Allen, 1985
NY Jets	Freeman McNeil, 1985
Cleveland	Kevin Mack & Earnest Byner, 1985
New Orleans	Dalton Hilliard, 1989

▲ FILL ANOTHER 100 BRAIN CELLS WITH SPORTS TRIVIA...



CALL ME CLUELESS IF I MISS THIS ONE...

The 1995 edition of Sunday Night NFL premieres on ESPN. Watch when the Dolphins travel to California to face the Chargers in a re-match from last year's playoffs, Miami vs. San Diego, Sunday 8pm. ▲

Callahan's views do not represent the opinion of ESPN. ESPN thinks all sports are wonderful and would never ever make jokes about them. Never.

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...

As the NBA season approaches, each of us needs to re-commit and ask the question, "How can I grow as a fan this year? What can I do to improve my hoop knowledge?" Well, let's start off simple. The first month of the season, I'd like you to just watch Chris Mullin. Watch him move without the ball. See him rub off picks, see him go back-door, see him constantly in motion. It is beautiful, it is art, it is Hondo.

CRAIG KILBORN SportsCenter Anchor

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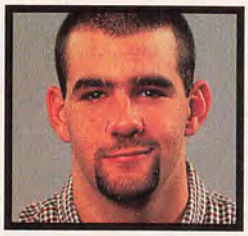


ALLEN MCINNIS

Michel Carrier

SAINTE-FOY, QUE.

Carrier, a sophomore third baseman for McGill, hit a game-winning grand slam against Concordia to pull the Redbirds into a tie for the Canadian Intercollegiate Baseball Association regular-season lead. McGill went on to win the pennant by taking two games out of three against Laval.

DAN HOKE

Lamar Lowe

SHREVEPORT, LA.

Lowe, a junior wide receiver at Southeastern Oklahoma, returned a kick 97 yards for a touchdown and caught three passes for 52 yards and a score, in a 36–20 win over Southwestern Oklahoma. The return touchdown was Lowe's third of the season, tying an NAIA record.

MICHAEL KIPLEY

Carrie Bechtold

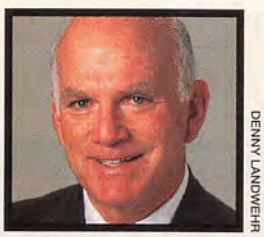
GODFREY, ILL.

Camie Bechtold

GODFREY, ILL.

MICHAEL KIPLEY

Carrie and Camie, twin sisters and seniors on the Quincy University soccer team, scored all seven of the Lady Hawks' goals in two victories at a tournament hosted by the University of Missouri–St. Louis. In the first game, a 3–1 win against Presbyterian College, Carrie, a midfielder, scored the first and last goals. Camie's goal was her 45th career tally, a school record. In the championship against Eastern Illinois, Camie, a forward, sent the game into overtime with Quincy's first goal, then scored what turned out to be the game-winner. Carrie scored twice after that to provide the final 4–1 margin. Quincy was 10-2-0 for the season.

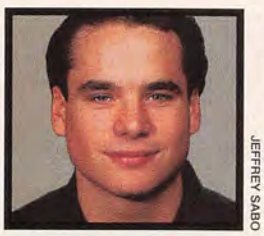


DENNY LANDWEHR

James Stahl

CINCINNATI

Stahl, 56, rallied from 2 down after 12 holes to beat Rennie Law of Tampa, 2 and 1, and win the 1995 U.S. Senior Amateur Golf Championship at Prairie Dunes in Hutchison, Kans. Stahl, the president of an auto component company, had been runner-up at the British Senior Amateur.



JEFFREY SABO

Randy Robitaille

OTTAWA

Robitaille, a freshman center at Miami of Ohio, had six points in his first two collegiate hockey games, a goal and two assists in a 6–5 loss to Maine and the same in a 7–1 win over Boston College at the Great Western Freezeout. He scored 125 points in 54 games for the Ottawa Junior Senators last season.

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4. Florida
5. Notre Dame
6. Northwestern
7. Penn State
8. Tennessee
9. Michigan
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025 Florida St.
026 Fresno St.
027 Georgia
028 Georgia Tech
029 Hawaii
030 Houston
031 Illinois
032 Indiana
033 Iowa
034 Iowa St.
035 Kansas
036 Kansas St.
037 Kent St.
038 Kentucky
039 Louisiana St.
040 Louisville
041 Maryland
042 Memphis
043 Miami
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045 Michigan
046 Michigan St.
047 Minnesota
048 Mississippi
049 Mississippi St.
050 Missouri
051 Navy
052 North Carolina
053 North Carolina St.
054 Northwestern
055 Nebraska
056 UNLV
057 Nevada-Reno
058 New Mexico
059 New Mexico St.
060 Notre Dame
061 Ohio University
062 Ohio St.
063 Oklahoma
064 Oklahoma St.
065 Oregon
066 Oregon St.
067 Penn St.
068 Pitt
069 Purdue
070 Rice
071 Rutgers
072 San Diego St.
073 San Jose St.
074 Stanford
075 Syracuse
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077 Tennessee
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We hear about Deion's jewelry and his swagger, but not about his hard work and knowledge.

TIM SALACH, DYER, IND.

Place Your Bets

In response to your Oct. 9 cover question regarding Deion Sanders, "Why Is This Man Worth $35 Million?" I have a simple response: He isn't. However, as a Dallas Cowboy fan, I say to our newest superstar, prove me wrong.

RYAN BLETH, *Fargo, N.Dak.*

Why is this man worth $35 million? Because somebody is willing to pay it. Well, at least the guy can play. What really gall me are the .220 hitters, losing pitchers and obvious underachievers raking in millions.

DAVID F. QUERY, *St. Petersburg, Fla.*

Is Deion Sanders worth $35 million? Are his flamboyance and flashiness too much to stomach? Whether you like him or not, the guy is a two-sport pro who excels in both baseball and football. He makes everyone around him a better player. He's a winner, and he knows it. Dallas fans will be glad this guy is a Cowboy come January.

CHRIS GIBSON, *High Point, N.C.*

There's no disputing that Deion Sanders is a wonderful athlete (*Lord of the Realm*, Oct. 9), but the problems he encounters with the fans, the media and his peers are created by his own behavior— always unique, mostly childish. Look no further than last season's confrontation with former teammate Andre Rison. In mentioning Rison's catch total for the day and offering the caveat that "two of the receptions came after Sanders pulled a groin muscle and was forced to sit out," John Ed Bradley conveniently ignores the fact that the injury was the result of Sanders's high-stepping back an interception in front of the Falcon bench.

HUNTER WALK, *Cincinnati*

It was refreshing to read a positive commentary on the best cornerback in NFL history. Sanders's rare combination of intelligence, hard work and athleticism make him a pleasure to watch. Deion may be flashy, but no one can deny his greatness.

JAFAR HASAN, *Lexington, Ky.*

Boorish Behavior

Tom Verducci's POINT AFTER (Oct. 16) is an indication of how unstable our society has become. Drunken and violent behavior in the stands? Get a grip, America, sports should be a great diversion from the real world. People who feel that no rules apply to them are making the family event disappear.

JEREMY KAHN, *Olney, Md.*

The Lowdown on Lolich

In comparing Seattle Mariner pitcher Randy Johnson's postseason performance with those of Orel Hershiser in 1988 and Sandy Koufax in '65 (*5 Days of Hardball*, Oct. 16), you failed to mention Mickey Lolich. In the 1968 World Series, Lolich *(below, pitching in Game 2)* threw three complete-game victories for the Detroit Tigers against the St. Louis Cardinals, including a 4–1 win in a Game 7 duel against Bob Gibson. Lolich, the '68 World Series MVP, is also the last pitcher to win three games in a World Series. Counting his 17 regular-season wins, he got 20 the hard way.

SCOTT MICALLEF, *Dearborn, Mich.*

HERB SCHARFMAN

Hoop It Up

I was disappointed that you failed to consider several key factors indicating that a women's pro basketball league will be successful in the U.S. (SCORECARD, Oct. 9). Particularly in the last five years, media coverage, sponsorship and attendance have increased dramatically. Some women's college teams outdraw their men's teams, and the 1996 NCAA Women's Final Four in Charlotte has already sold out. People want to watch college stars excel at the next level, and they want to take their kids to a pro league with positive role models.

CHRISTY HEDGPETH, *Menlo Park, Calif.*

Letters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer. They may be mailed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. E-mail may be sent via CompuServe, or through the Internet to Letters*SI@cis.compuserve.com.

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This week: SI's NFL Classic edition.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

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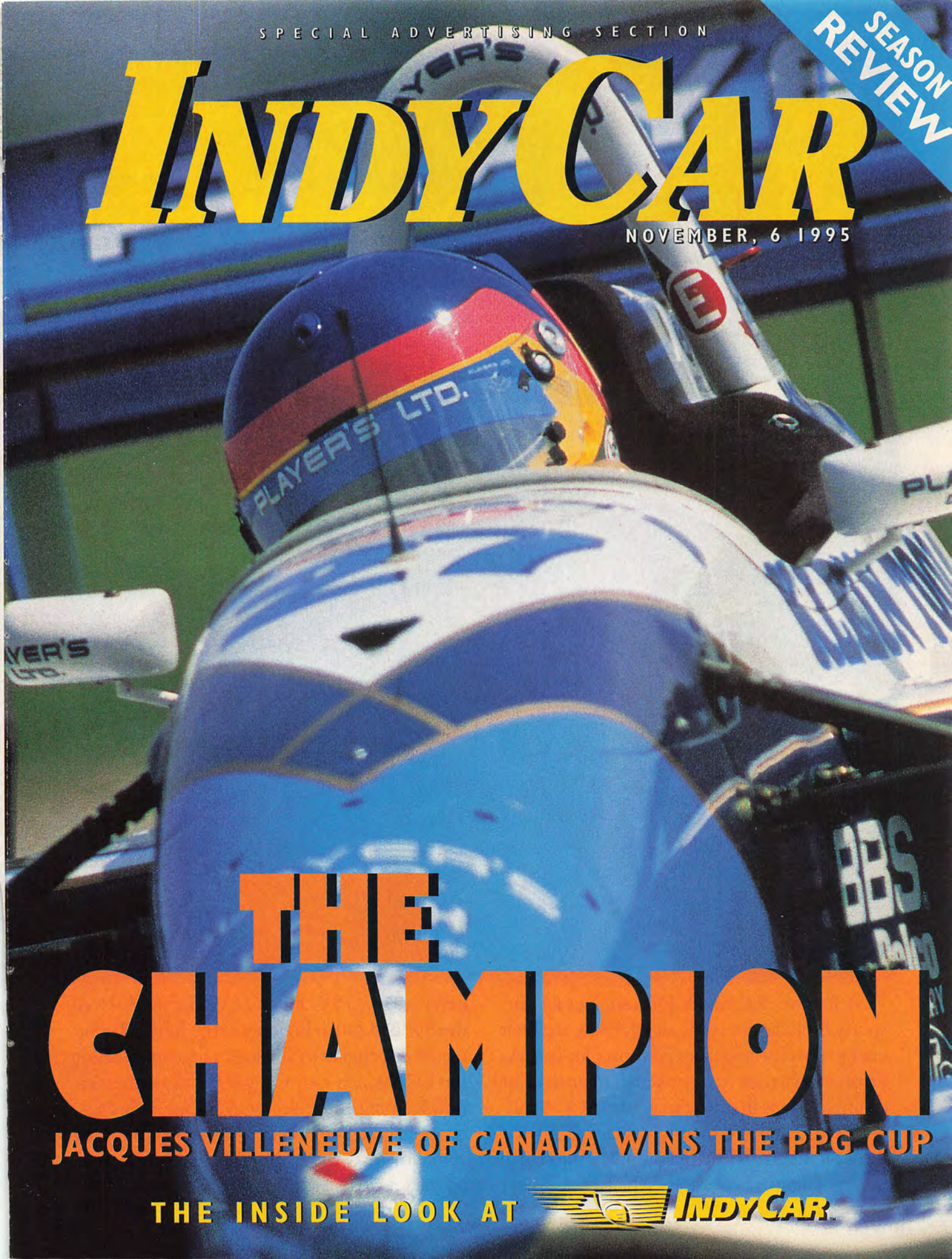
NOVEMBER, 6 1995



THE CHAMPION

JACQUES VILLENEUVE OF CANADA WINS THE PPG CUP

THE INSIDE LOOK AT INDYCAR

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challenge testing our mettle at every possible level.

So eventually, when our engineers go back to their regular jobs in California or to one of our plants in Ohio, they'll take some meaningful experience along with them. Like the preparation that goes into being ready for race time. And how to work as a team when the green flag drops. Not to mention a few ideas they wouldn't get driving production cars around a test track in Marysville, Ohio.

The Honda VTEC engine and double wishbone suspension are just some of the engineering innovations we've picked up from racing over the years. Which means the materials, technology and engine management systems we use on this Honda may very well become part of the Honda your kids will drive tomorrow. **HONDA**

The Season Was Sens

In a year of unprecedented firsts and bests, Jacques Villeneuve was the top driver ar

BY JEREMY SHAW

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE very first automobile race in North America, the 1995 PPG Indy Car World Series produced one of the most competitive and evenly matched championships in the history of the sport.

As an example of how far auto racing has progressed, the original event took place on Thanksgiving Day over icy roads from Chicago to Evanston and back. It was won by Frank Duryea's "motor wagon" at an average speed of little more than a walking pace. This past July, Scott Pruett won the fastest IndyCar race of the season—a 500-mile contest at Michigan International Speedway—at an average of 159.676 mph in Patrick Racing's Lola Ford Cosworth. Scott Brayton, meanwhile, claimed the pole for the Indianapolis 500 in May at an astonishing average speed of 231.604 mph in John Menard's Lola Menard. Such is progress.

Jacques Villeneuve, at 24, became the youngest driver ever to capture the PPG Cup title and the $1 million first prize, but in many ways race fans were the big winners as the PPG Cup Series continued its prodigious rate of expansion. More teams and sponsors joined the arena in 1995, and they, in turn, attracted more spectators and a vastly increased television audience.

"The growth of the series is best seen from a business perspective," says Andrew Craig, president of IndyCar, sanctioning body of the PPG Indy Car World Series. "The television audience in the U.S. has risen from 30 million households in 1994 to 44.3 million house-

Produced by the Editorial Projects Department of Sports Illustrated®: Larry F. Keith, Director; Thomas J. Carling, Designer; Jon Scher, Manager; Rick Resnick, Coordinator. © Copyright 1995 Time Inc. Cover photograph: Paul Webb

ational

Gil de Ferran the No. I rookie

holds in 1995. Our ratings are up 25 percent. We started from a fairly small base, but 25 percent growth is still a spectacular result. There is huge interest in the series. We've had record crowds at every track except Phoenix, which stayed the same. Our racing was televised in 152 countries around the world last year, and our figures showed an average audience of 75 million per race; this year we believe it was bigger."

The sport's booming popularity reflects the quality of the competition, which has risen to a new level of intensity. Nine different drivers won at least one of the 17 races in 1995, equaling the record set 10 years earlier. The four first-time winners represent a new single-season high; they also provide proof of a fresh influx of talented young stars, who are amply qualified to take the sport into a new century.

● DE FERRAN WON HIS LAST RACE TO EDGE FITTIPALDI FOR ROOKIE HONORS.

Nine drivers earned one or more pole positions, while an amazing total of 21 combatants led at least one lap. Both are new records. As further proof of the competitiveness, 36 drivers contested a minimum of two races during the season, and no fewer than 23 of them can boast either a podium finish, a front-row start or leadership during at least one lap of green-flag racing.

"I've been in Indy Car racing for more than a dozen years and I've never seen a season like that before," says Barry Green, owner of Villeneuve's car. "It was just fantastic. There was no way of predicting who was going to win."

When the year began, Sweden's Stefan Johansson was full of optimism after veteran team owner Tony Bettenhausen gave him a couple of Penske PC23 chassis to run in the colors of Alumax Aluminum. The cars had proven thoroughly dominant in 1994, winning 12 races in the hands of Al Unser Jr., Paul Tracy and Emerson Fittipaldi, but it became immediately apparent that rival manufacturers Reynard and Lola had made substantial gains with their latest designs.

"It's incredible," says Johansson, who was 13th in the standings. "Last year in Toronto I was one second off the pole and seventh on the grid. This year I was only nine-tenths off, and I was 18th! And it was the same at every race."

Midway through the season, at least 10 drivers still held a realistic hope of winning the championship. But that situation changed abruptly. Before the ninth race, at Portland in June, Villeneuve had been regarded as just one of the pretenders to the crown. He had won at Miami in the season opener and again, brilliantly, at Indianapolis, where he clawed his way back into contention following a draconian two-lap penalty for inadvertently passing the pace car during a caution period. The French-Canadian had shown flashes of his true capability in other races too, but it was Portland that proved to be the turning point in his campaign.

Villeneuve didn't win that race. In fact, he didn't even finish; his Player's Ltd./Team Green Reynard 95I Ford Cosworth broke a shock absorber mounting. But Villeneuve did qualify on the pole—his first in an Indy car.

Villeneuve rebounded from the disappointment in Oregon by taking the pole again at Road America. This time he also dominated the race, leading all but four of the 50 laps around the immensely challenging four-mile road course. Another pole in Toronto and then a victory in Cleveland cemented his position atop the point standings. Villeneuve never looked back. By the season's end he had won more poles, six, than anyone else, achieved during the last nine races. He had four wins, displaying a mature blend of consistency, confidence, pace, patience and guile.

It came as little surprise when Villeneuve announced in August that he will switch next year to the more lucrative Formula One racing. In the aftermath of that decision, some felt he was merely following the tracks of his father, Gilles, who captivated Formula One audiences with his devil-may-care style before tragically losing his life at the wheel of a Ferrari during qualifying for the 1982 Belgian Grand Prix.

"No, no, that's not the reason why I'm racing, and that's not the reason why I'm going to F1," said Jacques. "I always said I'm super-proud of being the son of my father, but that has nothing to do with my career or decisions."

Villeneuve leaves behind an impressive field of up-and-coming talent. Brazilians Gil de Ferran, Christian Fittipaldi and Andre Ribeiro, particularly, displayed enormous promise during their rookie campaigns in 1995.

Fittipaldi, who joined Derrick Walker's team, benefited greatly from the experience of his illustrious uncle, Emerson, who has two Indianapolis 500 triumphs and one PPG Cup under his

● AT 24, VILLENEUVE BECAME THE YOUNGEST PPG CUP WINNER EVER.

MICHAEL C. BROWN (2)

belt. The younger Fittipaldi led the rookie standings for most of the year, although a lack of consistency and a few mechanical problems on his Marlboro/Chapeco Reynard Ford ultimately cost him the title. Instead, de Ferran, 27, claimed the crown with a sensational flourish at the end of the season, finishing second at Vancouver and first at Laguna Seca in Jim Hall's Pennzoil Reynard Mercedes.

"My first win in an Indy car is very, very significant for me, especially against such strong competition," said de Ferran. "To come out as Rookie of the Year is an extra bonus. To be honest, I kind of gave up on that because we were so far behind in the points."

Ribeiro also developed a taste for champagne. The 29-year-old began the year as the least heralded of the South Americans but quickly rose to prominence in the fast-emerging Tasman Motorsports Group's LCI International Reynard Honda. The combination's true potential was revealed at Indianapolis, where Ribeiro ran comfortably among the top three before being delayed by an electrical failure. Tasman teammate Scott Goodyear, meanwhile, showed a clean rear wing to all comers, only to be denied certain victory when he incurred a penalty in the closing stages.

Ribeiro began to set things right for Honda at New Hampshire, where he eclipsed the old track record while taking the pole and the victory, the first for himself, the team and the manufacturer.

The competition between Honda and the established might of Ford Cosworth and Ilmor Engineering, whose engines now bear allegiance to Mercedes-Benz, represented one of several intriguing match-ups during this year's PPG Cup series. In 1995 Ford scooped the top manufacturer honors, taking its first victory at Indianapolis since 1987 and winning 10 races overall.

The rivalry is expected to be even more fierce in 1996, when Ford will introduce its all-new XD engine, and Toyota makes its long-anticipated entry into the thriving Indy Car arena in association with Dan Gurney's All American Racers team. Continued development by Mercedes and Honda should make for an epic battle.

The 1995 season featured a similarly enthralling tussle between tire adversaries Goodyear and Firestone. Once again, the honors were shared. Firestone's first foray into the high-profile Indy Car marketplace in 20 years was far more successful than some pundits had expected. The company's Firehawk tires proved equal to the challenge posed by the Goodyear Eagles. Only dire misfortune in the closing stages at Indy cost Firestone a momentous victory. In the end, Goodyear emerged with the lion's share of the spoils, 15 wins to two.

Another of the year's major stories was the failure of Marlboro Team Penske at Indy. For the first time in more than 25 years, Roger Penske didn't have a car in the race. Neither Unser nor Emerson Fittipaldi, who had each won the race twice before, could muster enough speed to make the show.

"I take full responsibility," said Penske. "We came here with two of the best drivers in the world, and we didn't give them the tools to do the job."

It wasn't that the Penske PC24 was a bad car, although certainly it was not at its best on the superspeedways. More to the point, for some reason, Nigel Bennett's design wasn't well suited to the latest breed of Goodyear tires. Nevertheless, the tenacious Unser overcame the disappointments at Indy and elsewhere to finish with four wins and second place in the PPG title chase, just 11 points adrift of Villeneuve. If only he had qualified at Indianapolis...

Unser, the 1994 champion, will certainly be one of the firm favorites for honors next season. Ditto Bobby Rahal and Michael Andretti, who this year placed third and fourth, respectively, in the final standings. Nevertheless, the two leading Lola exponents won't look back on 1995 with much satisfaction—for a variety of reasons.

Rahal, who split somewhat acrimoniously from Honda at the end of the 1994 season, is already regretting the move. His switch to Mercedes brought only a slight increase in performance, and for the third straight season he failed to win a race or even a pole.

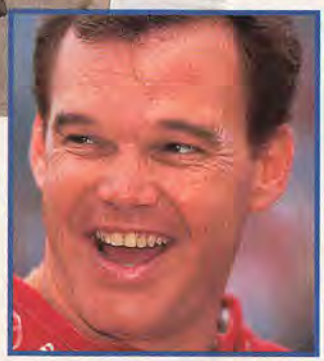
Rahal's undoubted street smarts ensured his Miller Genuine Draft Lola was always a factor on the temporary courses, but a string of poor showings on the one-mile ovals negated his championship aspirations. Next year he will again demonstrate his penchant for change as he jumps from Lola to Reynard and concludes his association with partner Carl Hogan in favor of running his team alone under the Team Rahal banner.

Andretti also is seeking a change in his fortunes following a largely frustrating season with Newman/Haas Racing's Kmart/Texaco Havoline Lola Ford. The 1991 PPG Cup champion was desperately unlucky on numerous occasions, especially late in the year when mechanical problems knocked him out of the lead in three consecutive races.

"I think we were the most competitive team, race in and race out," noted Andretti, "but unfortunately we didn't get the results we hoped for. The encouraging thing is that at least we were in the position to win races. I know, sooner or later, things will turn around and go my way. Maybe next year."

Andretti's teammate, Paul Tracy,

● IN THE PITS FOR A WHILE, UNSER FINISHED WITH A SMILE.



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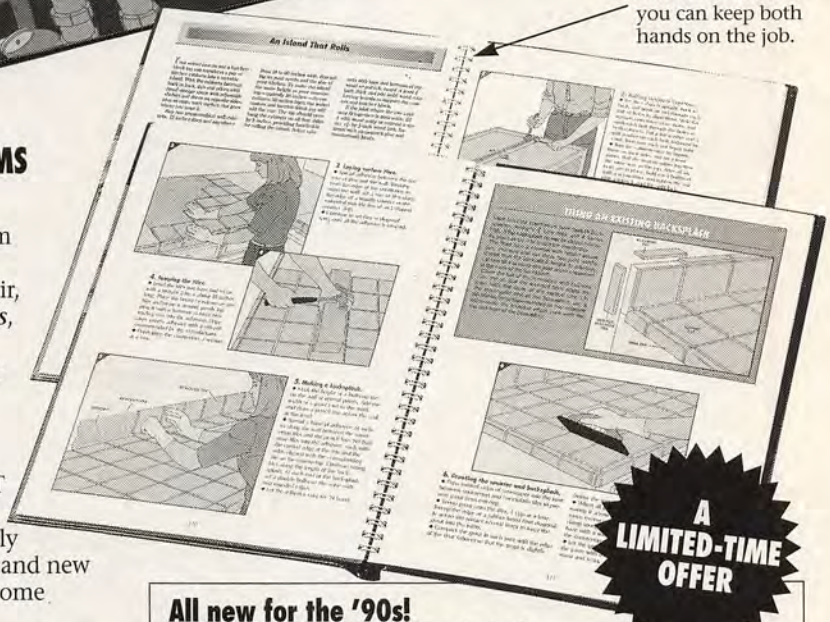

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PPG Cup Points Standings

Points go to the top 12 finishers of each race plus the top qualifier and lap leader

1.	Jacques Villeneuve (4 wins)	172
2.	Al Unser Jr. (4)	161
3.	Bobby Rahal	128
4.	Michael Andretti (1)	123
5.	Robby Gordon (2)	121
6.	Paul Tracy (2)	115
7.	Scott Pruett (1)	112
8.	Jimmy Vasser	92
9.	Teo Fabi	83
10.	Mauricio Gugelmin	80
11.	Emerson Fittipaldi (1)	67
12.	Adrian Fernandez	66
13.	Stefan Johansson	60
14.	Gil de Ferran (1)	56
15.	Christian Fittipaldi	54
16.	Raul Boesel	48
17.	Andre Ribeiro (1)	38
18.	Eddie Cheever	33
19.	Danny Sullivan	32
20.	Bryan Herta	30
21.	Eliseo Salazar	19
22.	Alessandro Zampedri	15
23.	Eric Bachelart	8
24.	Juan Manuel Fangio II	6
24.	Christian Danner	6
24.	Arie Luyendyk	6
24.	Parker Johnstone	6
28.	Hiro Matsushita	5
29.	Marco Greco	2
29.	Carlos Guerrero	2
29.	Dean Hall	2
32.	Scott Goodyear	1
32.	Roberto Guerrero	1
32.	Scott Brayton	1

Nation's Cup

This new award recognizes the country whose drivers performed the best

1.	United States	290
2.	Canada	219
3.	Brazil	201
4.	Italy	90
5.	Mexico	68
6.	Sweden	60
7.	Chile	19
8.	Belgium	8
9.	Netherlands	6
9.	Germany	6
9.	Argentina	6
12.	Japan	5
13.	Colombia	1
14.	France	0
14.	Austria	0

Manufacturer's Championship

This new award recognizes the year's top-performing engine

1.	Ford Cosworth	310
2.	Mercedes-Benz	272
3.	Honda	40
4.	Menard Buick	6

Rookie of the Year

This award, begun in 1979, is named for the late car owner Jim Trueman

1.	Gil de Ferran	56
2.	Christian Fittipaldi	54
3.	Andre Ribeiro	38
4.	Eliseo Salazar	19
5.	Juan Manuel Fangio III	6
6.	Carlos Guerrero	2
7.	Hubert Stromberger	0
7.	Mimmo Schiattarella	0
7.	Fredrik Ekblom	0

Constructor's Championship

This new award recognizes the year's top-performing chassis

1.	Reynard	286
2.	Lola	264
3.	Penske	197

INDYCAR

achieved two fine victories and three runner-up finishes during a curiously inconsistent campaign. Rising star Robby Gordon also won twice for Walker Racing, but he, too, suffered from irregular form. At his best, Gordon was brilliant; too often, however, he languished deep in the pack, complaining about his car's handling.

Pruett was the season's other winner, thanks to a distinguished effort at Michigan. His hopes of a maiden victory seemed to have been thwarted when Unser sped past at the beginning of the 250th and final lap. But Pruett wasn't beaten. In the gutsiest of all gutsy moves, Pruett committed himself to the high line in turns three and four and simply out-drove Unser to the flag.

Fellow Californian Jimmy Vasser also came of age in 1995. He was awarded a provisional victory at Portland, following a sensible drive in Chip Ganassi's Target/STP Reynard Ford—and the apparent disqualification of Unser, whose car failed post-race inspection. When the decision was overturned on appeal fully three months later, Vasser took it well.

"That's OK," he said. "In my mind I wasn't a winner that day in any case."

Vasser's time will come, as it will for his teammate, Bryan Herta, who showed his star quality by winning the pole at Phoenix in only his eighth Indy Car start and by finishing a close second in Cleveland.

The enhancement and refinement of the PPG Cup season continues in 1996 with a visit to the magnificent new Homestead Motorsports Complex, south of Miami, which will host a novel week-long "spring training" program beginning February 5.

"IndyCar Spring Training will provide an exciting new face to our series," says Andrew Craig. "February has traditionally been a popular month for motor sports in Florida, and this will offer an excellent opportunity for the fans and the media to get up close and personal with the teams and the drivers."

Homestead also will officially kick off the race season on March 3, and two weeks later the series will make its first foray into motor sports-mad Brazil, with charismatic Rio de Janeiro the scene of an eagerly awaited new oval-track race. It could be the perfect showcase for the three boys from Brazil and their spiritual leader, Emerson Fittipaldi.

All the ingredients are now in place. And as dawn breaks on the second century of auto racing in North America, the intensity of the PPG Cup competition seems set to escalate still further. ■

Jeremy Shaw is a regular contributor to the IndyCar section.

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The Tall Tale Of Bob Kurland

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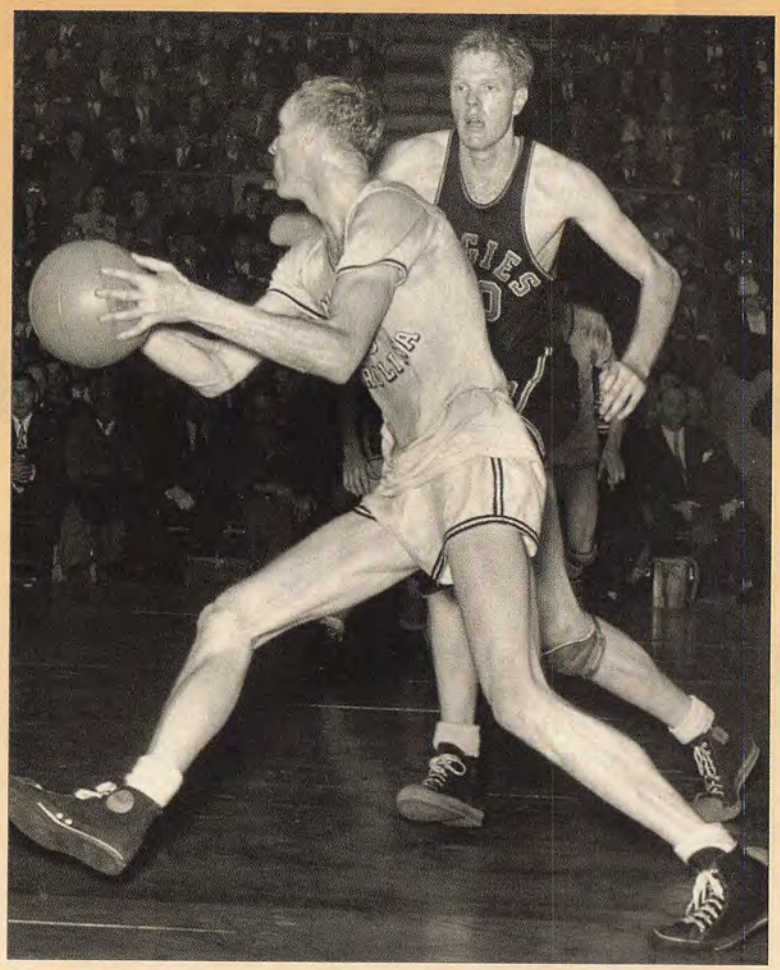

Kurland (on defense) proved to his detractors that bigger was usually better.

Bob Kurland faced an unusual disadvantage when he went shopping for a college basketball scholarship in 1942:

He was too tall.

"Coaches didn't want to take the time to develop boys like me," says Kurland, now 70, who towered above the players of his era. "The six-footers were faster and more poised."

Oklahoma A&M coach Henry Iba was willing to take a chance. "I honestly don't know if you can play college basketball or not," Iba said. Nevertheless, he offered a scholarship to the gawky teenager from St. Louis and labeled him a seven-footer.

Other coaches questioned Iba's wisdom. Phog Allen of Kansas was particularly unkind, calling Kurland a "freak" and a "glandular goon."

"That made a great impression on me," Kurland said. "I felt that wound until my senior year, when we waxed Kansas and knocked Phog out of the tournament."

Kurland not only got the last laugh, but he also transformed the sport. When Kurland joined the Aggies, goaltending was legal. After his sophomore year, college basketball had to change its rules.

Clearing a path for the giants who followed, Kurland was among the first to employ the dunk shot and became adept at tip-ins. "Before too long," he said, "it became obvious that if a big man could develop agility and skill, he would always be better than a good little man."

Kurland averaged 17.1 points as a junior in 1945 and 19.5 as a senior in '46 as Oklahoma A&M (now Oklahoma State) won two national titles. His trail of victims stretched from Stillwater, Okla., to New York City's Madison Square Garden, where he once outplayed DePaul's 6′10″ George Mikan in a Red Cross benefit game.

Years later, Kurland revealed he wasn't quite as tall as advertised. "I'm 6′ 10½″—about as close to seven feet as 98 cents is to a dollar," he said. "The school stretched me because they figured the idea of a seven-foot basketball player would capture the imagination of the fans." It still does.

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Scorecard

EDITED BY JACK McCALLUM AND KOSTYA KENNEDY

A Black and White Problem

The NBA's David Stern is the best commissioner in pro sports, but his big blind spot throughout the years has been in dealing with referees. Now he's paying for it, and so is pro basketball, which, barring a quick settlement that did not seem possible at press time, will begin play on Friday with replacement officials.

The dispute is, as usual, about money. The union's proposal for salary increases of 22% over three years is too much, and the NBA's counter of between 6% and 6.4% over five years is too little. But the conflict goes deeper than dollars.

Over the last decade Stern has been unable to make his refs feel a part of the unparalleled success enjoyed by NBA players, coaches, team execs and league administrators. His hand-picked supervisor of officials, Darell Garretson, rules with impunity and intimidation, and over the years he had driven a wedge through the union ranks because some refs were afraid to go against him. Referees cannot talk to the press without fear of fines and other retribution, and they are constantly reminded by the league that fans don't pay to see them. "There's no question that David knew we were weak, and he worked us over for it," says Mike Mathis, a veteran official who is lead negotiator for the union. And now the referees, fed up with Garretson and united for the first time, feel compelled to win back some lost respect, as well as money.

They have ammunition. The NBA players' association, as well as superstars such as Michael Jordan and Patrick Ewing, are backing them, and preseason games have been unevenly officiated, to say the least. The NBA is most assuredly not happy that two of its marquee players, Shaquille O'Neal and Chris Webber, will miss part of the season with injuries that occurred in games that got out of hand.

Stern would be wise to get personally involved in the negotiations and get a deal done quickly. The public relations gains the commissioner made when he headed off a potential players' strike before the season would be diminished by a tarnished product during the season.

Ollie's Series Hopes Shredded

Atlanta radio station Star 94 (WSTR-FM) last week offered two tickets for Game 6 of the World Series to whoever could get the most famous celebrity to call the morning show. The winner, Santia Curtis, enlisted her cousin, the actor Samuel L. Jackson.

Show hosts Steve McCoy and Vikki Locke decided that Jackson, the bewigged and beyond-cool *Pulp Fiction* gunman, outfamed callers such as Atlanta mayor Bill Campbell, teen-film heartthrob Patrick Dempsey, has-been actor Elliott Gould and even Oliver North. Still, it's clear that North left an indelible impression. When he came on the air, Locke asked, "Is it true that you have a shredder in your car?" Responded Ollie: "No, but I keep one in my pocket."

JEFF WONG

★ ★ ★

THE STANDINGS

WHO AND WHAT WERE UP OR DOWN LAST WEEK

	Pct.
John Cooper. *Ohio State coach refuses to pour it on after building 56–0 first-half lead over Iowa. Final: 56–35.*	1.000
Michael Schumacher. *Ties Formula One season win record (nine) in Japan as archrival Damon Hill spins out.*	.711
Randy Myers. *Whacked-out fan who attacked Cub reliever on the field is banned from home games in '96.*	.662
British boxers. *U.K. officials first to introduce compulsory prefight brain scans for pugilists.*	.612
Georgia gridiron geeks. *World Series? Who cares? Falcons, Georgia and Georgia Tech all lose at home.*	.387
Literacy in America. *New Jersey man sues because his tattoo was misspelled as Fighing Irish. Serves him righ.*	.342
Nick Faldo. *Perfectionist British golfer brings tabloid karma to PGA after dalliances cause split with wife.*	.269
► **Dallas Mavericks.** *After previous drug and alcohol woes, Roy Tarpley continues to be a drain on team as stomach ailment sidelines the begoggled potential superstar.*	.228
Yankee legend. *Joe Pepitone, 56, charged with drunken driving after wild ride through New York's Midtown Tunnel.*	.176
Steve Spurrier. *Florida coach orders late flea-flicker with 28-point lead over Georgia; Superior, call Cooper.*	.000

A River Runs Putrid

Over the last four months an environmental nightmare has become a reality in the Neuse River, once a prime recreational waterway in North Carolina. An estimated 10 million fish, from menhaden to striped bass, have been killed by low levels of dissolved oxygen and a bizarre alga known as *Pfiesteria piscidia*, a one-celled dinoflagellate that thrives in polluted waters.

The alga also is believed to harm humans. This summer, a number of divers and marine contractors developed sores not unlike those found in the fish. They were described by one victim, Joe Lopes, 26, as "festering boils that oozed green pus on my legs, arms and face." Lopes was hospitalized with a high white-blood-cell count after losing 15 pounds in three days and suffering severe stomach cramps.

An ecological catastrophe of this sort was almost inevitable in North Carolina, which, according to a study by the Institute for Southern Studies, ranks 47th among U.S. states in per capita expenditures to protect the environment and is also on the EPA's list of the worst 10 states for releasing toxins. Further, the Neuse has gotten hit in the last decade as Carolina has jumped to second (behind Iowa) in hog production. Raw feces from the roughly seven million swine on these farms are flushed into lagoons that seep into the Neuse and other waters.

Not surprisingly, politics is involved. U.S. Senator Lauch Faircloth, a Republican who heads an environmental subcommittee, is a major hog investor. Governor Jim Hunt, a Democrat, is the biggest recipient of political contributions from North Carolina's biggest pig farmer, Wendell Murphy, a former Democratic state senator who has been dubbed Boss Hog.

Equally unsurprising is that the state is going on the offensive against those who have been calling attention to the Neuse disaster. Four weeks ago, state officials and Onslow County commissioners met to discuss a report by JoAnn Burkholder, who teaches botany at North Carolina State, about her finding of unsafe levels of fecal coliform bacteria in sediments in the New River. Michael Moser, the head of the state department of epidemiology, dismissed her report, and, more ominously, county commissioner Sam Hewitt asked that the state silence her and other scientists because they were hurting the economy and tourism. "I'd like to take a rubber hose to some of them," said Hewitt.

And that's the way that environmentalists who cherish the Neuse feel about those responsible for the tragedy. Said Rick Dove, a retired Marine colonel and the river keeper for the Neuse River Foundation, "I am watching my river die."

The Scorecard Poll

DAVID E. KLUTHO (LEMIEUX); ROBERT BECK (GRETZKY)

Goalies Fear to View Lemieux

He has had Hodgkin's disease (in remission) and a chronically bad back, so there's a chance he has lost some strength. He's a well-worn 31 years old, so there's a chance he has lost some speed. And because of his maladies he missed all of last season, so there's a chance he has lost some sharpness.

But none of that seems to matter to NHL goalies when the subject is Pittsburgh Penguin superstar Mario Lemieux *(above left)*. Asked whom they would least like bearing down on them with the puck, 15 of the 29 keepers who responded chose Lemieux, who bagged his second straight hat trick Saturday. "He's a big man with speed, he's shifty and he's got a long reach," says Vancouver Canuck goalie Kirk McLean. "He can shoot when it looks like he's deking." Others cited Lemieux's patience, vision and experience. Of the other snipers mentioned—Vancouver's Pavel Bure (second, with four votes), the Detroit Red Wings' Sergei Fedorov, the Calgary Flames' Theo Fleury, Pittsburgh's Jaromir Jagr, the New York Rangers' Alexei Kovalev and the Winnipeg Jets' Teemu Selanne—only Fleury is not European.

And the smooth-skating Canadian with whom Lemieux is often compared? Wayne Gretzky *(above right)*, 34 and definitely not as strong or as fast as he once was, did not get a mention.

A Bluff Called in Vegas

After criticizing his school's woeful football team in a column three weeks ago, Michael Melissa, sports editor of *The Rebel Yell*, UNLV's school newspaper, offered his services to the squad. "I am not that big, and I am not that strong," wrote Melissa in a gross understatement, "but I am fast. . . . Put me in, Coach, I'm ready to play." And so was Jeff Horton, a coach with a good sense of humor and a bad team—he invited Melissa to practice with the squad on Oct. 18.

Horton mercilessly installed the 5' 5", 140-pound Melissa at running back against the first string. "The quarterback handed me the ball and got out of the way," said Melissa, "and so did the offensive line." (Considering the Rebs' 1–7 record, they must occasionally follow that strategy during games, too.) Anyway, Melissa gained—well, that's not exactly the right word—

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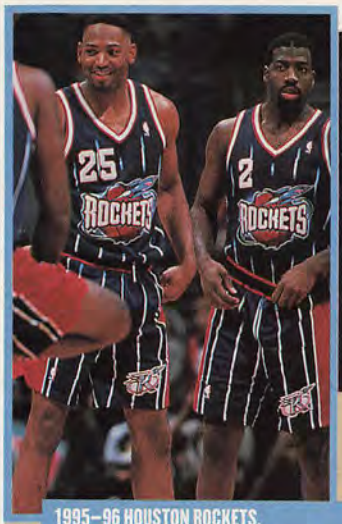
A Dressing Down

They may have won the last two NBA championships, but the Houston Rockets will not finish on top of the fashion world this season. Yo, guys, what's with the new unis? The Rockets' pitiful pinstripes put them in a league with the most hideously clad teams in sports history.



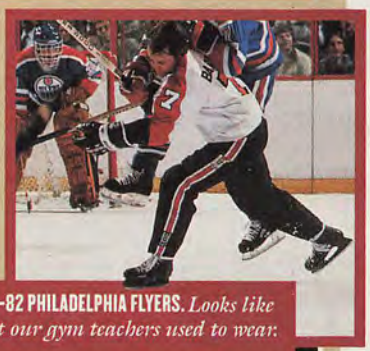
1995–96 HOUSTON ROCKETS. *Wear this on the playground and you're dead meat.*

1979 PITTSBURGH PIRATES. *Now, which side of the Civil War were these guys on?*

1980 CHICAGO WHITE SOX. *If disco wasn't already dead, this killed it.*

1981–82 VANCOUVER CANUCKS. *Anything this ugly should get a game misconduct.*

1982–83 CLEVELAND CAVALIERS. *There isn't even a* crayon *this color.*



1981–82 PHILADELPHIA FLYERS. *Looks like what our gym teachers used to wear.*

1934 PITTSBURGH PIRATES (NFL). The Shawshank Redemption *All-Stars.*

minus 33 yards on three carries and had two fumbles. Then he moved to noseguard, possibly to see if he could shore up a defense that has given up nearly 50 points per game this season. On his first drill, center John Zaczek drove him upfield 30 yards. "Everything went left while I was going right," said Melissa. And when the two-hour practice was over, both player and coach breathed sighs of relief.

"I was praying nothing happened to him," said Horton. "Just about everything else has gone wrong for us this year. I figured nothing else could. It was a good time." So good that Horton showed the Melissa highlights at his weekly booster club luncheon.

The McNeeley Clown Show

When last we visited with Peter McNeeley, he was in his Las Vegas suite, celebrating his now infamous 89 seconds in the ring with Mike Tyson. "I'll be back," he promised, waving a wet stogie in one hand and a bottle of Budweiser in the other. After two months of partying and filming a pair of self-mocking television commercials designed to stretch his proverbial 15 minutes of fame, McNeeley—alas—came back. He returned to the ring Friday night for a 12-round preliminary bout on the first card at Boston's new FleetCenter. In less than five minutes McNeeley dispatched a skinny, 196-pound pug named Michael Sam, who, despite showing up at the arena in a black Grateful Dead T-shirt, failed the palooka acid test.

There was something pathetically familiar about the fight, what with McNeeley grinning dumbly and the crowd cheering for a convicted felon, in this case, the 37-year-old Sam, recently released after a seven-year prison term for armed robbery. "You should come hang out with us," McNeeley told Sam afterward. "You're kind of thuggy."

After the fight, McNeeley's manager, Vinny Vecchione, mentioned possible bouts with Larry Holmes and Carl (The Truth) Williams, even though McNeeley has offered no evidence that he can stand in even with those legless old men. Moreover, Hurricane McNeeley's stormy hometown reception—he was greeted by a round of boos and, on his way out, heard a chorus of "You suck! You suck!"—shows that however likable he may have been as a prime-time punching bag, he just doesn't play as a leading man.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

A man who bought Jimmy Johnson's former house in Fayetteville, Ark., took out an ad in a local paper asking $250 for a toilet used by the ex–Dallas Cowboy coach.

They Said It

Jayson Williams

The New Jersey Net forward, on being courted by the Chicago Bulls: "The Bulls had me in for a four-hour psychological test, and the next day they went out and signed Dennis Rodman."

CLOCKWISE FROM UPPER RIGHT: JOHN IACONO; PAUL BERESWILL; PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME; PETER READ MILLER; DAVID E. KLUTHO; HEINZ KLUETMEIER; CARL SKALAK

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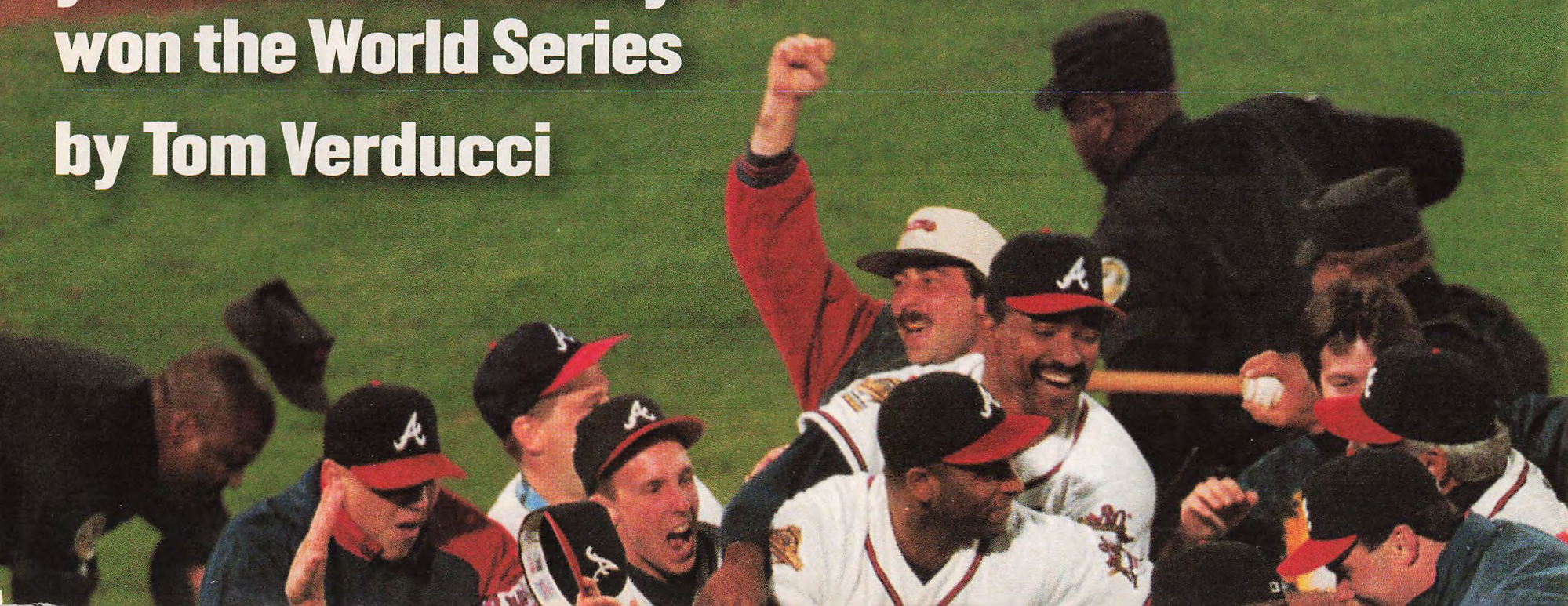
Brave Hearts

On its third try in five years, Atlanta finally won the World Series

by Tom Verducci



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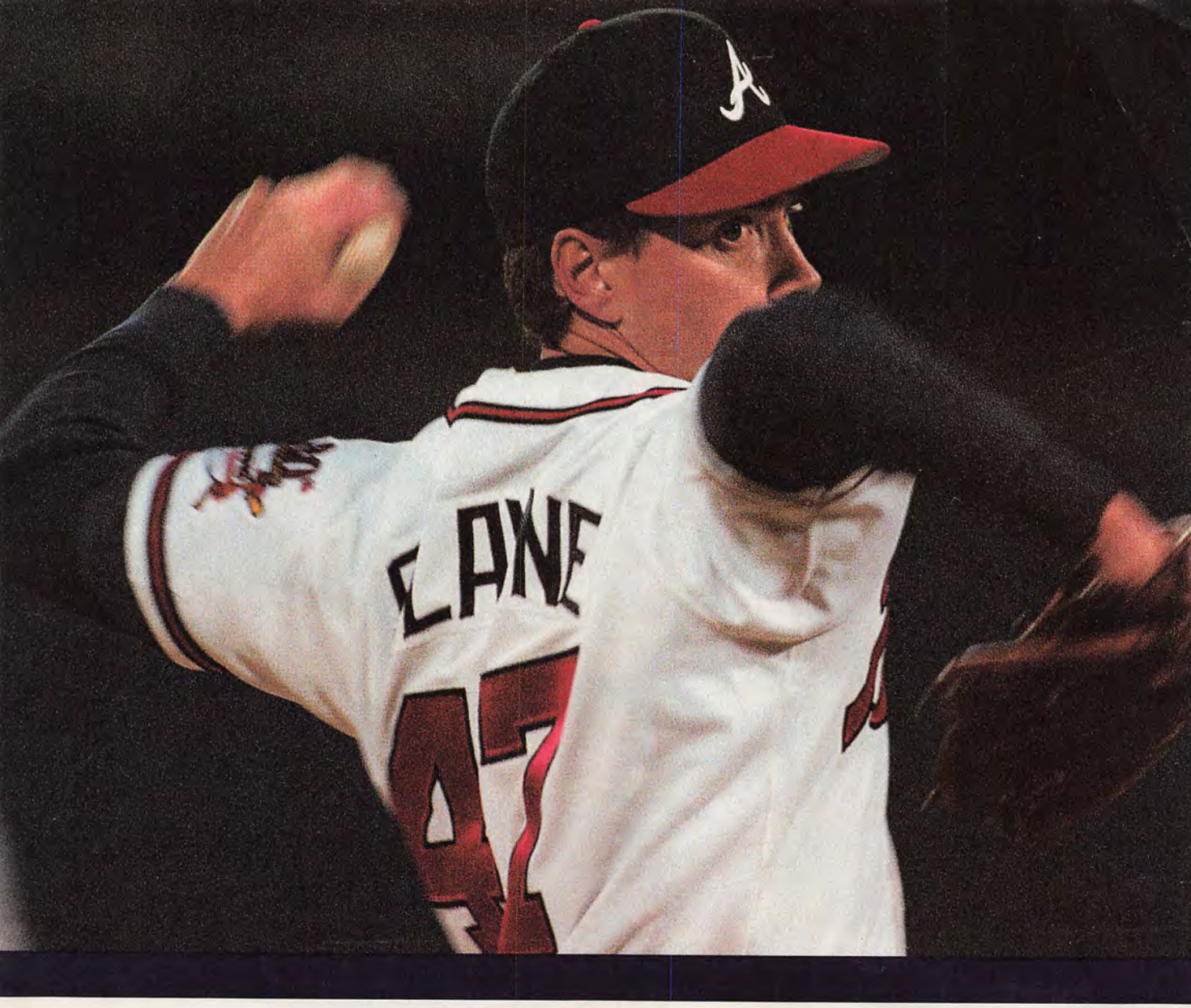


V.J. LOVERO (2)

AS RAIN and darkness fell like a soggy blanket over Atlanta last Friday afternoon, two men sat in a car slogging north through downtown traffic, two men who over the past five years have accounted for every National League Cy Young Award, 181 victories and a .691 winning percentage. This is how the Atlanta Braves would win the 1995 World Series: with Tom Glavine in the driver's seat and Greg Maddux riding shotgun.

It was on their ride home from a workout that Maddux talked an uncertain Glavine into a game plan for Game 6 the following night. Glavine, having watched the Cleveland Indians get to Maddux in Game 5, wondered what adjustments the Indians had made against him with their second look. "I don't think they adjusted well," Maddux said. "I was off a bit. It was more *me* than it was them. Just go out and pitch your game. Don't change."

Glavine decided that he would live on the outside corner, mostly with his changeup again, even though he beat Cleveland 4–3 in Game 2 with just about no other pitch working for him. "What Greg had to say reassured me," Glavine said. "To hear it from a pitcher like him meant a lot." Glavine also remembered how Steve Avery had pitched Game 4 and won, 5–2. "Avery couldn't believe they never adjusted to his changeup," said Atlanta pitching coach Leo Mazzone. "So he just kept throwing it."

For the fourth time in five years the Braves would play a game that could bring Atlanta its first world championship. They were 0–3 in the other tries, with each game started by a different Brave pitcher and ending with the same maddening margin of defeat: a single run. This would be Glavine's first crack at the clincher.

He was ready to be rid of the blabbering Indians—who during the Series sometimes acted like louts crashing a black-tie affair—especially after reading in the morning newspaper that Cleveland's punchless shortstop, Omar Vizquel, had said of the Braves, "They know they can't win a World Series."

Said Glavine, "That statement made me madder than anything else."

So he took the mound intending to throw his best pitch, the changeup, until the Indians proved they could hit it. They never did. Glavine did not paint the lower outside corner so much as he coated it with lacquer, pitch after pitch after pitch. Asked how many times Glavine ventured inside with a delivery, Atlanta catcher Javy Lopez replied, "I can count them on one hand."

Different Strokes

Cleveland could not get into the swing of things when Glavine (left), along with Maddux and Avery, relied on changeups to break the rhythm—and the bats—of hitters like Baerga. In the Series the Indians batted .179.

Glavine, with last-inning relief from Mark Wohlers, came within one bloop single of a no-hitter; Tony Pena's leadoff hit in the sixth—off one of those nasty changeups—checked up in centerfield like a wedge shot. Supported only by a solo home run by David Justice *(page 32)* in the bottom of that inning, Glavine pitched the Braves to a 1–0 victory.

Can't win a World Series? Well, shut your mouth. At last, Atlanta.

It may have been the best-pitched game among the 91 that have ended a World Series. It definitely was the only one-hitter among them. The mystery to Glavine's mastery was how the Indians could lunge and flail time and time again at pitches that almost never varied in location. "His changeup is *that* good," Maddux said. "He throws it with the exact same arm speed as his fastball, so it's impossible to pick up. Yeah, you may be looking for something away, but is it hard or soft? And every time he did come inside, he got them out. And that plants a seed."

"Number one, you've got to trust yourself," said Glavine, who was voted Most Valuable Player of the World Series. "I've got so much confidence in my changeup that I can stand on the mound and tell you it's coming and, if it's a good one, you're not going to hit it."

The Indians never did adjust to the way Atlanta pitchers worked away from them, particularly with changeups. "They knew not to challenge our hitters," said Vizquel, whose .174 Series average contrasted with his brilliant play in the field. "They didn't come inside against them."

Cleveland scored more than five runs 69 times in the regular season, winning all but three of those games. They scored that many just once in the World Series, in Game 3—the only time an Atlanta starter, John Smoltz, came at them with fastballs and sliders instead of good off-speed pitches. The best hitting team in 45 years was held to six hits or fewer in all four losses, and batted .179 overall.

Maddux and Glavine put ornate bookends on an otherwise ordinary Series (only once did the winning run score after the seventh inning, and only one player, Cleveland second baseman Carlos Baerga, drove in more than two runs in a game). Maddux opened it with a two-hitter, and Glavine closed it with the combined one-hitter. Not until they ran into the Braves did Cleveland have fewer than three hits in any game this year. "That says more about their pitching than our hitting," said Indian coach Buddy Bell. "They pitched *that* well. They should get the credit for this."

Baerga, who made the last out of all three losses in Atlanta, was not as gracious as Bell. "I think we have a better team than them," he said. "It's hard for me to take." That was typical of the tough talk of the Indians, the kind of team you would not want to bring home to Mom. Hanging in their clubhouse is a framed and matted essay called *The Art of Getting Along,* by Wilfred Peterson. Now if only they would read it.

Cleveland's comportment took some of the shine off Game 3, a tense 7–6 Indian win, in which the two closers, Wohlers and Jose Mesa, combined for 5⅔ shutout innings and 92 pitches—most of them unleashed at or near 100 mph. The night began with one Indian, Albert Belle, unloading a profanity-laced tirade at reporter Hannah Storm of NBC, one of baseball's national television rights holders, and ended with another Indian, Eddie Murray, refusing to talk to reporters about his game-winning hit in the 11th inning. From his training-room bunker Murray issued an innocuous statement through the team's p.r. director. Two little Indians.

On the same day as his altercation with Storm, Belle snapped at a photographer near the first base line during batting practice. "Move your ass out of the way," Belle said. When the photographer did not move quickly enough for him, Belle added, "I said move your ass out of the way."

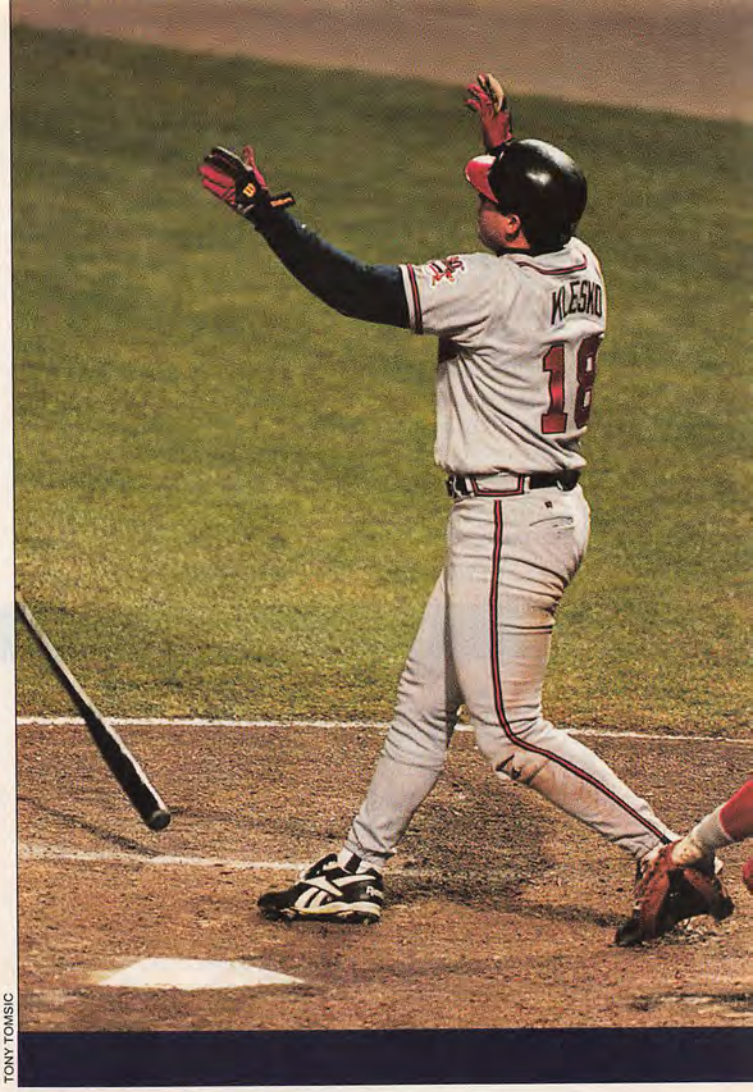
Then, after banging six straight pitches over the leftfield wall, Belle ordered a TV cameraman to move away from the batting cage. "And turn the —— camera off," he said. The cameraman did not move. Belle poked him in the shoulder with the butt of his bat and said, "Put the damn camera down."

This was the first World Series in which a team's general manager (Cleveland's John Hart) fielded a question in the interview room before the deciding game about whether his cleanup hitter required psychological testing. The commemorative World Series patches on the sleeves of the Cleveland uniforms, which included baseball's hollow slogan WELCOME TO THE SHOW, needed an addendum stitched underneath: NOW GET THE —— OUT OF MY FACE.

On those occasions when the Indians did choose to talk, they didn't know when to shut up. Pitcher Orel Hershiser annoyed the Braves with his proselytizing, his chirping that Atlanta felt pressure from not winning the 1991 and '92 World Series, and his public scolding of Maddux in Game 5 for buzzing a fastball that nearly trimmed the whiskers of Murray's mustache. Murray glared at Maddux as if he were a sportswriter, causing benches and bullpens to empty. Hershiser approached Maddux on the grass near the mound and asked, "Did you try to hit him on purpose?"

"No," Maddux said. "I'm just trying to come in."

"You can do better than that," scoffed Hershiser, and shot him a look of warning. Or as Hershiser explained later, "It's kind of like, 'I can have as good control as you have.' "



TONY TOMSIC

CHUCK SOWDON

Mighty Pokes

The Braves wound up outhomering the powerful Tribe 8–5, with Justice winning Game 6 on a solo shot (left) and Ryan Klesko hitting three dingers in three nights.

Said one Brave, "[Hershiser] thinks he's pitching coach, hitting coach and p.r. director." Atlanta chafed, too, at how Tribe third baseman Jim Thome stopped to marvel at his home run in Game 5, as if it were the space shuttle *Discovery*—well, it did travel almost as far—and flung his bat away with an arrogant flourish. "They're a cocky team," said Glavine, "and they don't need to be. You hoped that some guys over there would be more professional than they were. Those guys don't need to be talking [trash] and tossing bats on home runs practically into our dugout. We don't play that way."

So annoyed were the Braves at what Hershiser and Vizquel later dismissed as meaningless psychological warfare that they called a team meeting before Game 6 to get over it. "We were a little too concerned about it," Glavine said, "and a couple of guys got up and said it didn't matter what they said. We controlled the Series, and if we just played our game, we'd win it."

The Indians were bullies in the regular season, coasting to the American League Central title by a record 30 games while pounding the back end of opposing rotations. But, as Mazzone said, "They found out we don't have a back end to our rotation."

When Cleveland needed to beat Avery, the Braves' No. 4 starter, at home to even the Series at two—Atlanta manager Bobby Cox took some heat for not using Maddux on short rest—the Indians failed miserably, losing the only game not decided by one run, 5–2.

Atlanta pitched Belle magnificently throughout the Series. The only player ever to slug 50 homers and 50 doubles in the same season did not pull a hit to leftfield in the six games. He batted only seven times with a runner on base and was walked on four of those

occasions. At a paltry .235 he led all Cleveland hitters with more than two at bats. Likewise, Murray's play was nothing to talk about. He batted .105 (2 for 19), dragging his average in 18 World Series games down to .169.

The Braves and the gritty Glavine were almost beyond remonstration, especially from a team that, according to its own general manager, "took a couple of ball games to get a sense and feel for what the World Series is about." Atlanta's skin has been thickened by 47 postseason games since 1991, during which Glavine has logged a 1.83 ERA in 86⅔ innings.

While everyone talked about Atlanta's unfulfilled world championship quest starting with the torturous 1991 World Series, the time line actually began in the summer of 1987: Starting in July the Braves called up shortstop Jeff Blauser from the minor leagues, traded pitcher Doyle Alexander for Smoltz and promoted Glavine to the majors. Smoltz was assigned to the minors and Blauser returned there for half the next season, leaving Glavine as the current Brave with the longest continuous service with the club. All three of them spent time with the 1988 Braves, who lost 106 games and finished 39½ games out. "See that light tower up there?" Blauser said, pointing to the rim of Atlanta–Fulton County Stadium on the first base side. "One night a lightbulb fell out and came crashing down into the stands. It didn't come close to hitting anybody. That's how empty this place was. There must have been about 2,500 people."

Last Saturday night the place swelled with 51,875 people and the anxiety of a city that had never before celebrated a championship in a major professional sport. TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT proclaimed one banner. Only two other World Series ended so late in the year—Daylight Savings Time ended just after the game—and those were delayed by a strike (1981) and an earthquake ('89).

This was a year that *began* late, too, because of another strike, one in which Glavine played a prominent role as the team's

Justice Prevails

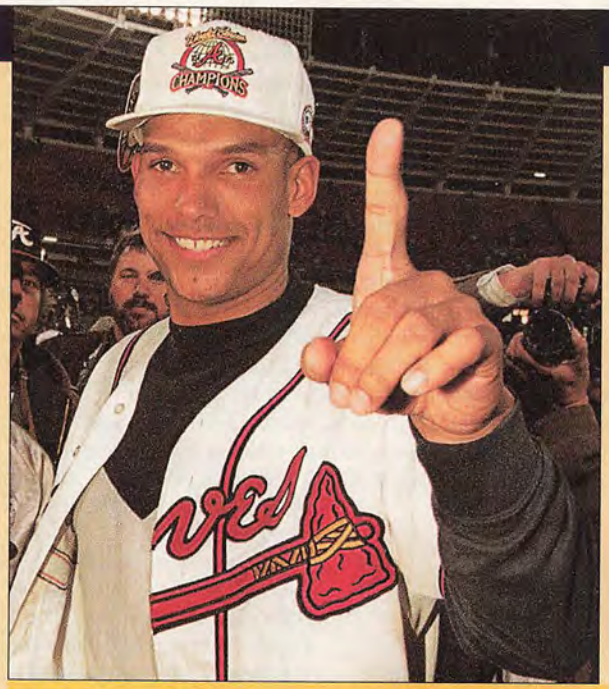
AS HAPPY endings go, this was a weird one: On eve of World Series Game 6, rightfielder blasts home fans for not hiking decibel level high enough to suit him, saying, "You have to do something great to get them out of their seats. . . . If we don't win, they'll probably burn our houses down." During pregame introductions, smarting fans crank it up, booing rightfielder, who sports .214 postseason average. Rightfielder homers to account for only run in victory that brings fans first world championship. Fans cheer rightfielder. Rightfielder thanks fans on national TV for their outstanding support.

David Justice—now you hate him, now you don't. Just when it appeared he had opened his big mouth one too many times, Justice, the Atlanta Braves' rightfielder for the past six years, turned one of the worst days of his life into his best night. Rattled early last Saturday by the sight of his own harsh words plastered across the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* sports section, Justice tried to make amends by belting his homer off Cleveland Indian reliever Jim Poole and throwing bouquets to the Brave faithful during the postgame celebration. "The fans proved me wrong," Justice said. "They were gems tonight."

He wasn't too thrilled on the off day before Game 6, when he went on about how much more fired up Cleveland fans were compared with Atlanta's. Maybe so. But this was the Braves' third World Series in five seasons, and the Indians hadn't been in the Fall Classic in 41 years. The 1991 and '92 World Series, both of which the Braves lost, were among the most exciting ever played; this latest edition wasn't nearly as compelling.

It was just the latest case of Justice popping off at the wrong time, which hasn't endeared him to fans or teammates. During the 1992 World Series, with Atlanta trailing the Toronto Blue Jays, three games to one, he went on the radio and said his teammates weren't playing as hard as they should—a comment that upset several Braves.

Big talkers had best be able to back up their words with big production, and this fall Justice was coming off a regular season in which his average (.253) had plunged 60 points from the year before. When asked before the World Series about his postseason struggles, Justice was indignant. "It depends



Series hero Justice has always been his own No. 1 fan.

CHUCK SOLOMON

how you define *struggling*," he said. "I got some key walks."

Key walks? The No. 5 hitter in the order, a 40-homer man in 1993, talking about key walks? It was typical Justice, in that he does not react well to criticism and usually has an inflated opinion of himself. But the Saturday headlines, coupled with his fear that the Braves might somehow lose another Series, Justice said, made for "the most pressure I've ever felt in my life."

Before Game 6, he said, he had to go off by himself to "clear my mind. My head hurt, my stomach hurt, and all I could think about was going out on the field and getting booed by 50,000 fans. I really don't know how I got through today. The pressure was unbearable."

The pressure started to let up after he doubled in the fourth, for his first extra-base hit in 43 postseason at bats. "After that, the controversy was gone," Justice said. "I was helping the team. I figured, If they don't like me, they don't like me."

Then, when Justice nailed Poole's high fastball for his first homer in 20 games, all was forgiven. —TIM KURKJIAN

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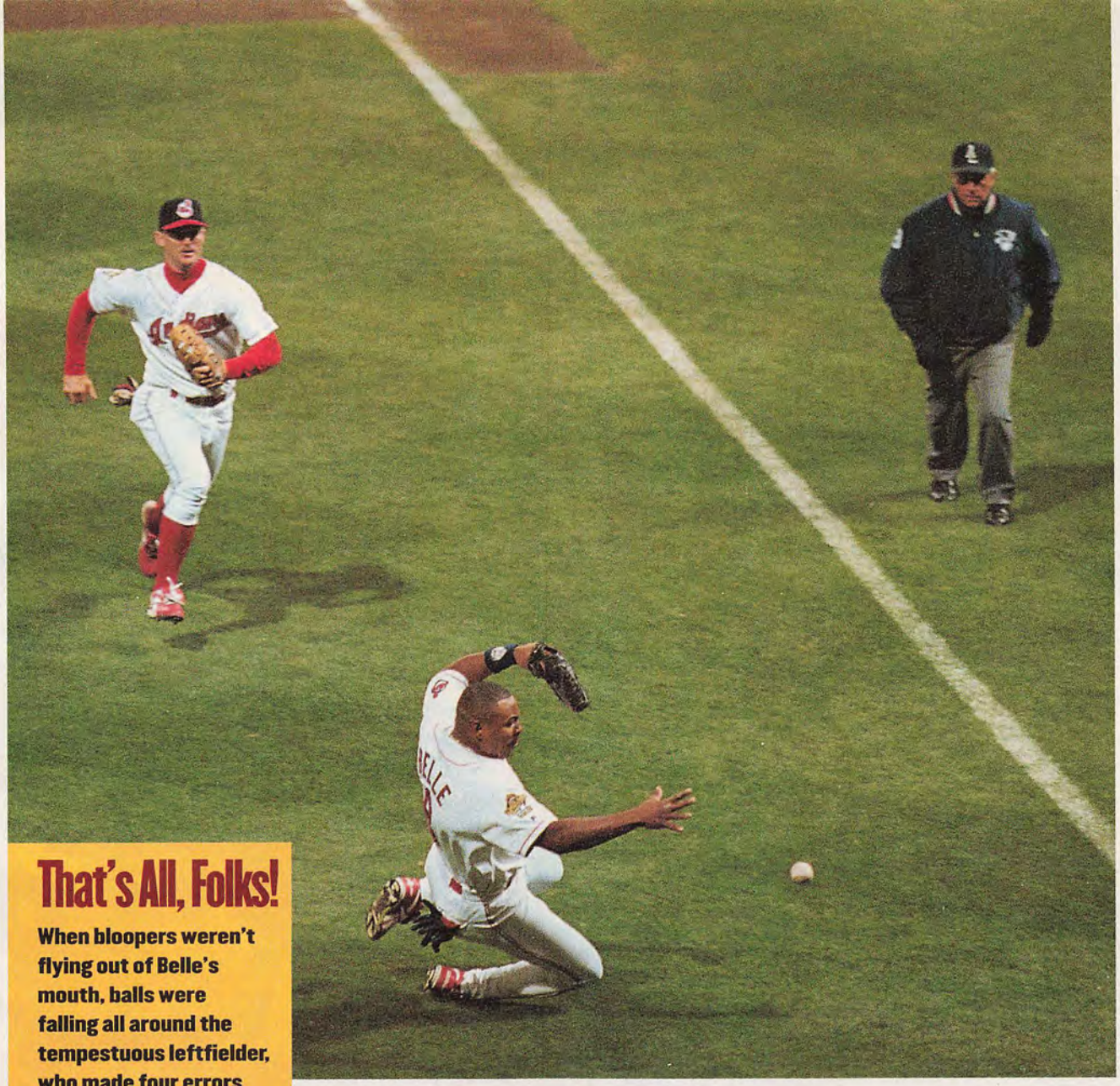


AL TIELEMANS

That's All, Folks!

When bloopers weren't flying out of Belle's mouth, balls were falling all around the tempestuous leftfielder, who made four errors during the postseason and didn't collect many style points—on or off the field.

player representative. For that he was booed when Opening Day finally arrived on April 26. "It hurt, sure," he said late Saturday night. "I hope now I've given them something else to associate me with."

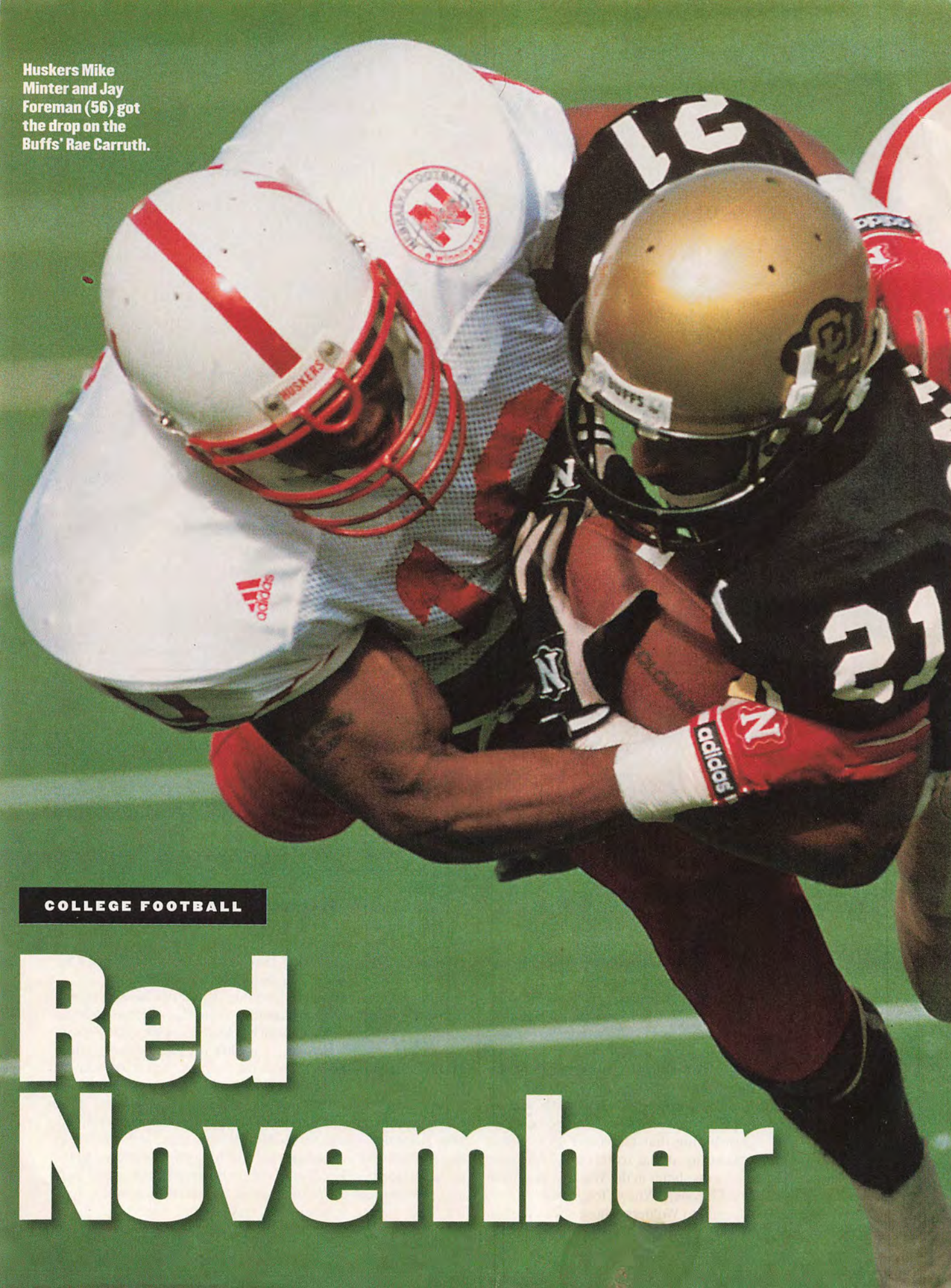
Glavine allowed only one runner as far as second base. He dominated the Indians even when he was tired in the eighth inning. "I really got out of the inning without making a good pitch," he said. He could thank Cleveland manager Mike Hargrove, who allowed Thome (0 for 8, including four punch-outs against lefthanders) and weak-hitting Pena and Ruben Amaro to bat that inning while leaving two of his better hitters against lefties during the season, Sandy Alomar (.364) and Herbert Perry (.344), on the bench.

It was after the eighth inning that Glavine told Cox and Mazzone he was done. "Look up at that scoreboard," Mazzone said to Glavine. "You've got a one-hitter in the World Series. What if it was a no-hitter?" Said Glavine, "Whew. Tough call."

The last three outs belonged to Wohlers, whose ability to slam the door on a game plugged the last hole on the team. The very last out, the one he had dreamed about "since I was five years old," was too much for him to even watch. When Baerga lifted the baseball in the air toward left centerfield, Wohlers looked away, into the stands. When the crowd let loose a great cathartic roar, he knew the end had been secured in Marquis Grissom's glove. "I kind of blacked out," he said. "Then I saw Javy running at me, and I figured I'd better do something before he ran my butt over."

Almost two hours later Glavine kicked off his spikes and handed them over to a representative of the Hall of Fame for transport to Cooperstown. He thought out loud about the victors' spoils. "A putting green," he said. "[Atlanta president Stan Kasten] promised us a putting green in the new stadium if we won the World Series."

Next door, a new stadium is going up. It will serve as an Olympic venue for the Summer Games in Atlanta next year and, after some downsizing, as the Braves' new home in 1997. It rises like a monument to baseball's team of the 1990s, promising all the proper amenities. It will have luxury boxes, the finest grass field and, now, besides the putting green, a world championship banner. They say the lightbulbs will stay in place, too. ■



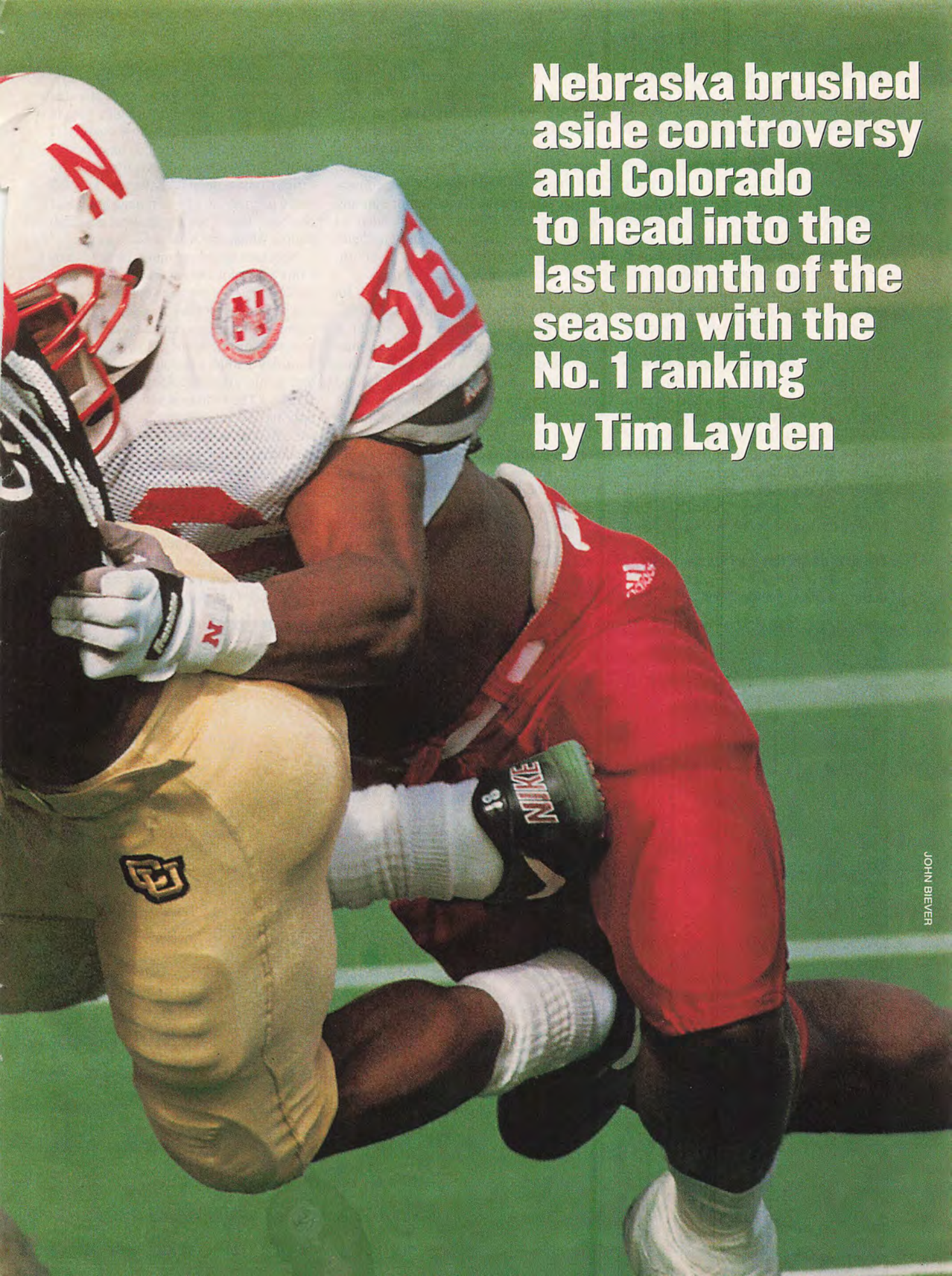
Huskers Mike Minter and Jay Foreman (56) got the drop on the Buffs' Rae Carruth.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Red November

Nebraska brushed aside controversy and Colorado to head into the last month of the season with the No. 1 ranking

by Tim Layden



JOHN BIEVER

THE VISION was clear in his mind. "Look at this stadium right now," said Colorado football coach Rick Neuheisel as he pointed out his office window at Folsom Field, six long days before his Buffaloes' game against Nebraska. Oversized snowflakes fell on empty bleachers. In an adjacent room, Neuheisel's assistant coaches watched videotape of the unbeaten Cornhuskers and scribbled the beginnings of a game plan in grease pencil on shiny white boards.

"Come Saturday, this place is going to be bedlam," Neuheisel continued. "We're going to come into the stadium right through the middle of the student section, and the kids are going to go nuts." Of course. Stack the emotion impossibly high and then wait for the Huskers, winners of 20 consecutive games, to yield to fate. "Shoot, yes, they're ripe," said Neuheisel. "We'll play hard, then we'll get a couple of breaks. They've done an unbelievable job there despite all the distractions, but this thing ain't going on forever. The ball is going to bounce our way. I believe that." He nodded for emphasis, certain and confident.

The play of the day was Frazier's falling-down fling of a 35-yard bullet as Jones tackled him.

It was a good plan, don't you think? Since coach Tom Osborne won his first national championship last January, Nebraska has not only replaced 14 starters but run a gantlet of off-the-field problems, most notably the suspension from the Cornhuskers—and last week, the controversial reinstatement—of junior running back Lawrence Phillips, who pleaded no contest to assaulting his former girlfriend in the early morning hours of Sept. 10. Ripe? Like the man said: Shoot, yes.

Except that Nebraska conducts its football program with the same single-mindedness with which a shark conducts lunch. The winning streak reached 21 games last Saturday afternoon with a 44–21 victory over Colorado. The chase for a second consecutive national title hit full stride as the Huskers vaulted past idle Florida State to the top of the polls. Neuheisel was right: Folsom Field was electric. But that didn't matter in the least to Nebraska. That's because the Cornhuskers push aside, with equal aplomb, roster changes and national scrutiny resulting from the criminal behavior of players. Some would say that is not an altogether endearing quality. But it serves Nebraska well.

"I wish I could give you an answer as to how we've done this," said Osborne, days before the Colorado game, as he stood at the edge of the Huskers' practice field in Lincoln. Then he found his answer. "I really believe the core of this team is very good," he said. "I believe it's good, in terms of attitude and character. This fall we've been smeared as a renegade team. I don't see that. I see disciplined, unselfish people who know what it takes to win."

Nebraska was never more tested than by Colorado. Not only were the Buffaloes the Cornhuskers' toughest opponents so far this season, but on the Tuesday before the game, Osborne announced that Phillips was back on the team. (He will dress for Saturday's home game against Iowa State and could start the following week at Kansas.) The Phillips decision divided not only the Nebraska campus, but also the state that so worships its Big Red. A poll conducted by an Omaha TV station showed viewers split almost 50–50 on whether to support or decry Osborne's decision. On the day of Phillips's reinstatement Cornhusker women's basketball coach Angela Beck, whose players include sophomore Kate McEwen, the victim of Phillips's assault, conducted a brief press conference that was a study in constrained emotion. "I will

PETER READ MILLER

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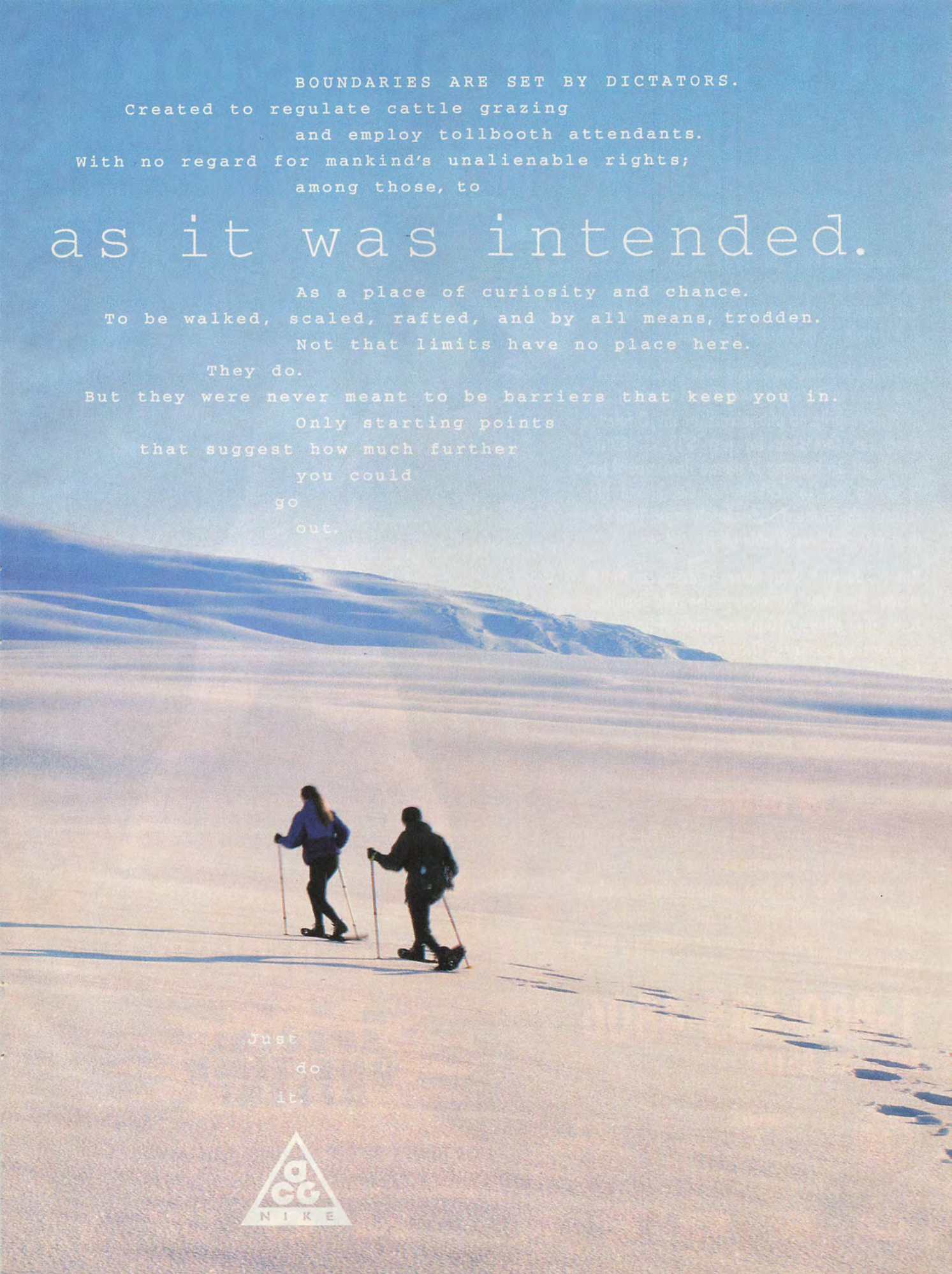
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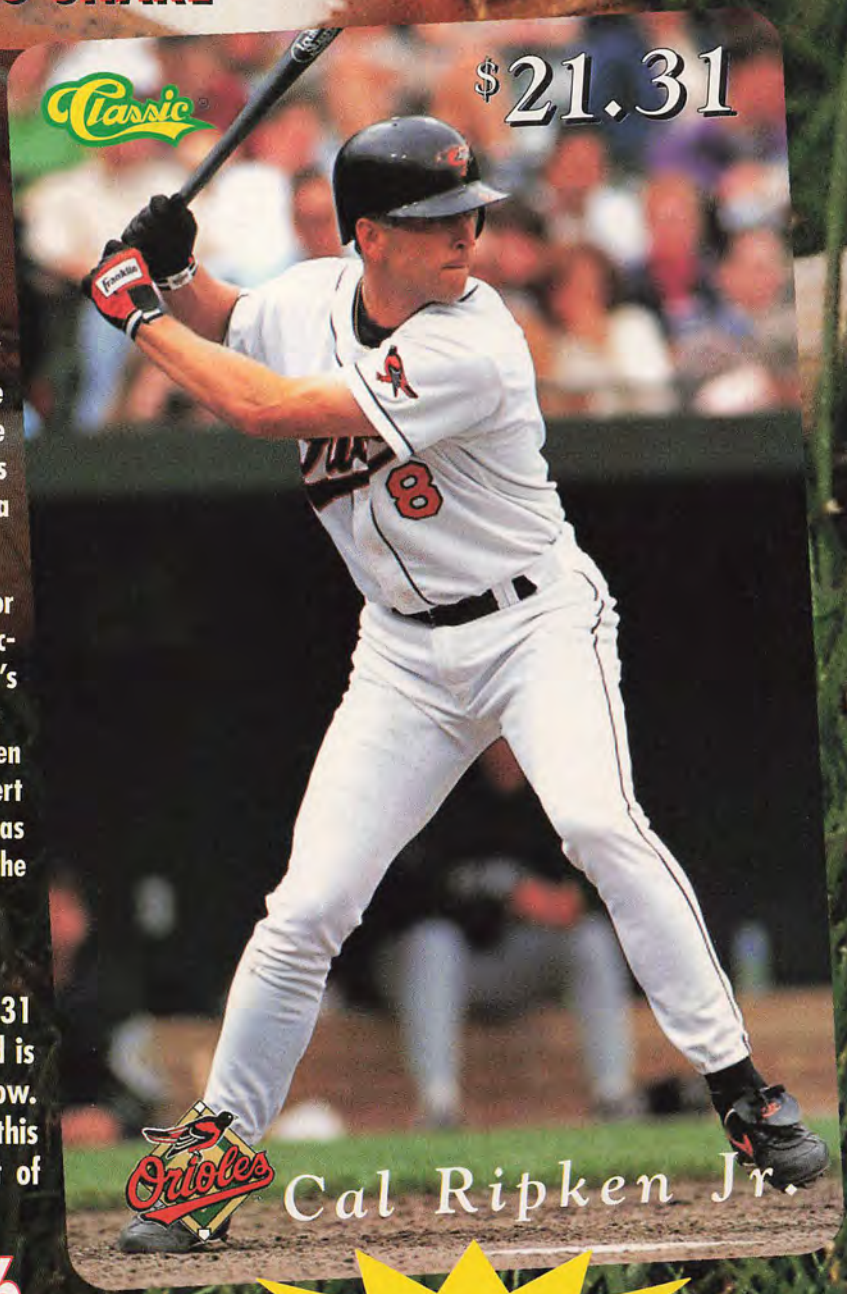

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JOHN BIEVER

The ball and Hessler were easily separated by Cornhusker linebacker Terrell Farley.

respect the decision of the school," Beck said. "I'm sure there are some things that need to change in the future." Mary McGarvey, chair of the university's Faculty Women's Caucus, questioned the right of a coach to make such a decision alone and said, "This sends a very bad message to women students. But we all expected that the coach would do what he felt was best for his team."

Osborne's action seemed driven as much by his desire to rescue lost souls among his flock as by a need to strengthen the Cornhuskers. Nebraska is 6–0 without Phillips and sinfully deep in I-backs. Phillips is a 20-year-old who lived in a West Covina, Calif., group home from the age of 13 and endured an extraordinarily difficult youth. Yet, Phillips also had been welcomed back to Osborne's team after at least two other transgressions (both for fighting), and Osborne acknowledges that Phillips had been warned before the attack to stay away from McEwen. But Osborne persists in his mission with Phillips, at the same time disregarding McEwen, the victim of a serious assault. "What else could be done for her, really?" he asked in the week preceding the Colorado game. This response came several minutes after he called the Phillips decision, "a minor issue, really," which he likened to choosing to go for a two-point conversion against Miami in the 1984 Orange Bowl.

Phillips's return might have splintered the Cornhuskers. "It's so wrong to do something like that to your girl, to any girl," said senior tight end Mark Gilman, one of Nebraska's co-captains. But as quickly as the players condemned the act, they rallied in the lockstep manner central to the mentality of football. "We're a family here," Gilman said. "We take pride in our unity." Said running back Clinton Childs, "Lawrence is a Husker, simple as that."

Nebraska conducts its football program the same way a shark conducts lunch.

At Nebraska's core is senior quarterback Tommie Frazier, the Cornhuskers' leader and conscience. As a citizen Frazier is the kind who isn't likely to cross against a red light; as a quiet, intense leader Frazier finds the legal travails of his teammates tiresome and inexcusable. "Most of it is foolish stuff that could have been avoided," said Frazier. "And I'm pretty sure quite a few players are upset about it."

However, even Frazier adds, "What happens off the field stays off the field. Incidents happen, and it's bad that they did. But we go forward."

Last Saturday afternoon Frazier and the

Cornhuskers again went forward together. He threw for a career-high 241 yards and two touchdowns, ran for 40 yards, absorbed hit after hellacious hit and generally shouldered the responsibility of steering Nebraska through an environment made terrifically hostile by the crowd, the opposing team and the circumstances. All of this came one year after Frazier missed the Colorado–Nebraska game (and seven others) with a blood clot in his leg.

"When you consider everything, the adversity he's had, the time he's missed, the style Nebraska plays, he's one gifted player," said Neuheisel, himself a former quarterback and a connoisseur of the position, after Saturday's loss. "He made big play after big play, time and time again." Said Osborne, "He was the difference."

In winning their first seven games, the Huskers kept most of their offense quietly in the bag. "We had been using maybe one-third of the possibilities," said fullback Jeff Makovicka. But last Saturday the shackles were removed. And while Nebraska owned Colorado in many ways—the Buffaloes got just 106 net rushing yards, quarterback John Hessler was intercepted twice and Colorado was penalized 12 times for 92 yards—most of the Husker offensive success sprang from Frazier's well of creativity and growing versatility.

It started on Nebraska's first offensive play of the game. Against the din of the still-juiced Colorado crowd, Frazier pitched to freshman Ahman Green, who went 57 yards for a touchdown and a 7–0 lead. Then, with 1:47 left in the first quarter, Frazier froze Colorado free safety Steve Rosga with a play fake and threw over Rosga's head to Clester Johnson for a 52-yard touchdown pass and a 21–7 lead.

Folsom Field was electric. But that didn't matter in the least to Nebraska.

And then came perhaps the most impressive moment of all. Midway through the second period, as the 6' 2", 205-pound Frazier stood in the pocket to throw, he was hit from the blind side by 240-pound Greg Jones at the instant he raised the ball. Frazier kept his feet, pumped once and then, as he was falling forward, rifled the ball to Green for a 35-yard completion on the left sideline. The play was a remarkable display of strength, patience and improvisation from an athlete who is still presumed by many to be an option quarterback with limited passing ability.

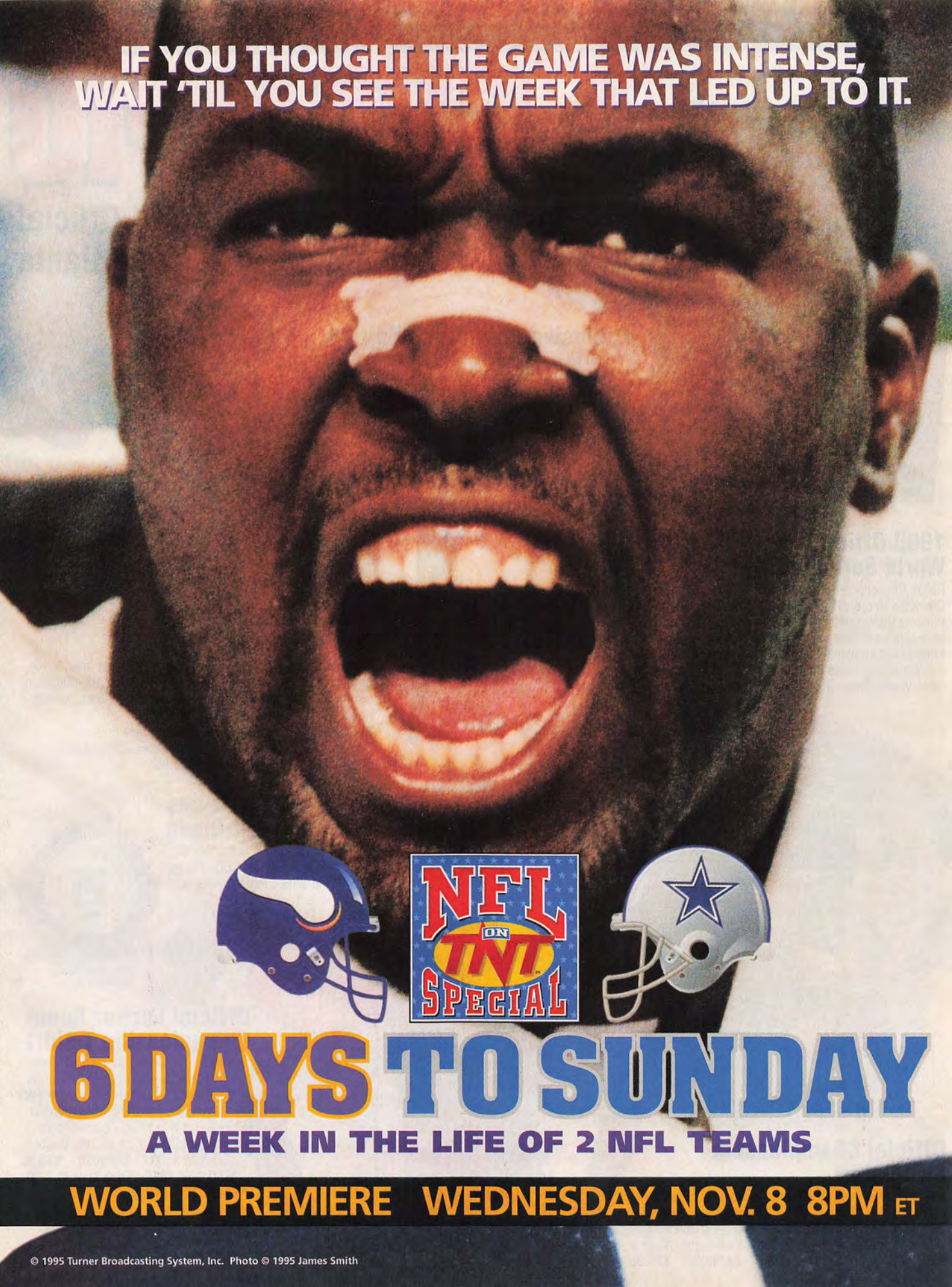
But Frazier is not only the soul of a team that seems certain to play for the national championship in the Fiesta Bowl—"When I get in the huddle and see that fire in his eyes, it gets me rolling, too," says senior center Aaron Graham—he is also a serious candidate for the Heisman Trophy. "No question in my mind, he's the front-runner," said Neuheisel.

Frazier walked Saturday evening from the visitors' locker room up a steep incline to the Huskers' team bus balancing a can of soda on top of a pizza box. "Last year at this time I didn't even want to be around football," Frazier said. "But today...." And then he laughed at the joy of it. "Today was fun." He was the last to board, trundling up the steps as the door closed behind him.

It has been a dark, uncertain autumn for Osborne and his giant program in the plains. Questions remain unanswered, criticism will still be heard. But this also seems certain: With Frazier taking snaps, the football end is blissfully secure. ■

PETER READ MILLER

The end zone was the Big Red zone: Johnson's 52-yard TD catch made the score 21–7 in the first period.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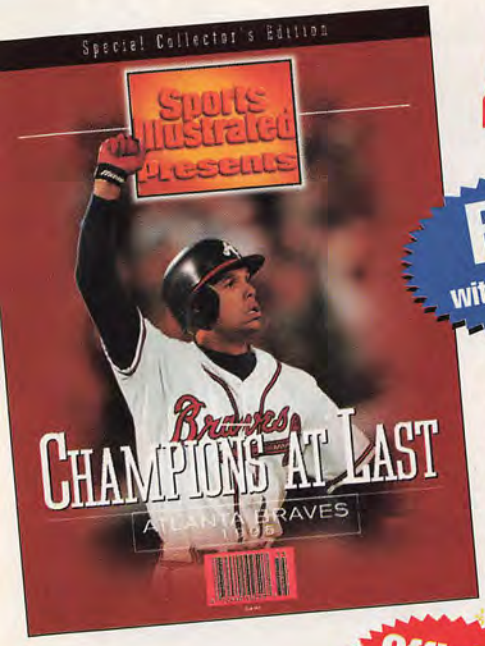

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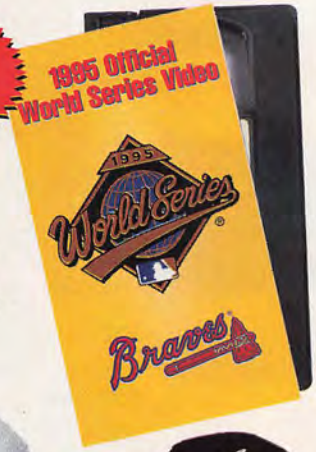

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Tom Glavine – 1995 World Series MVP
SI photo by Greg Foster

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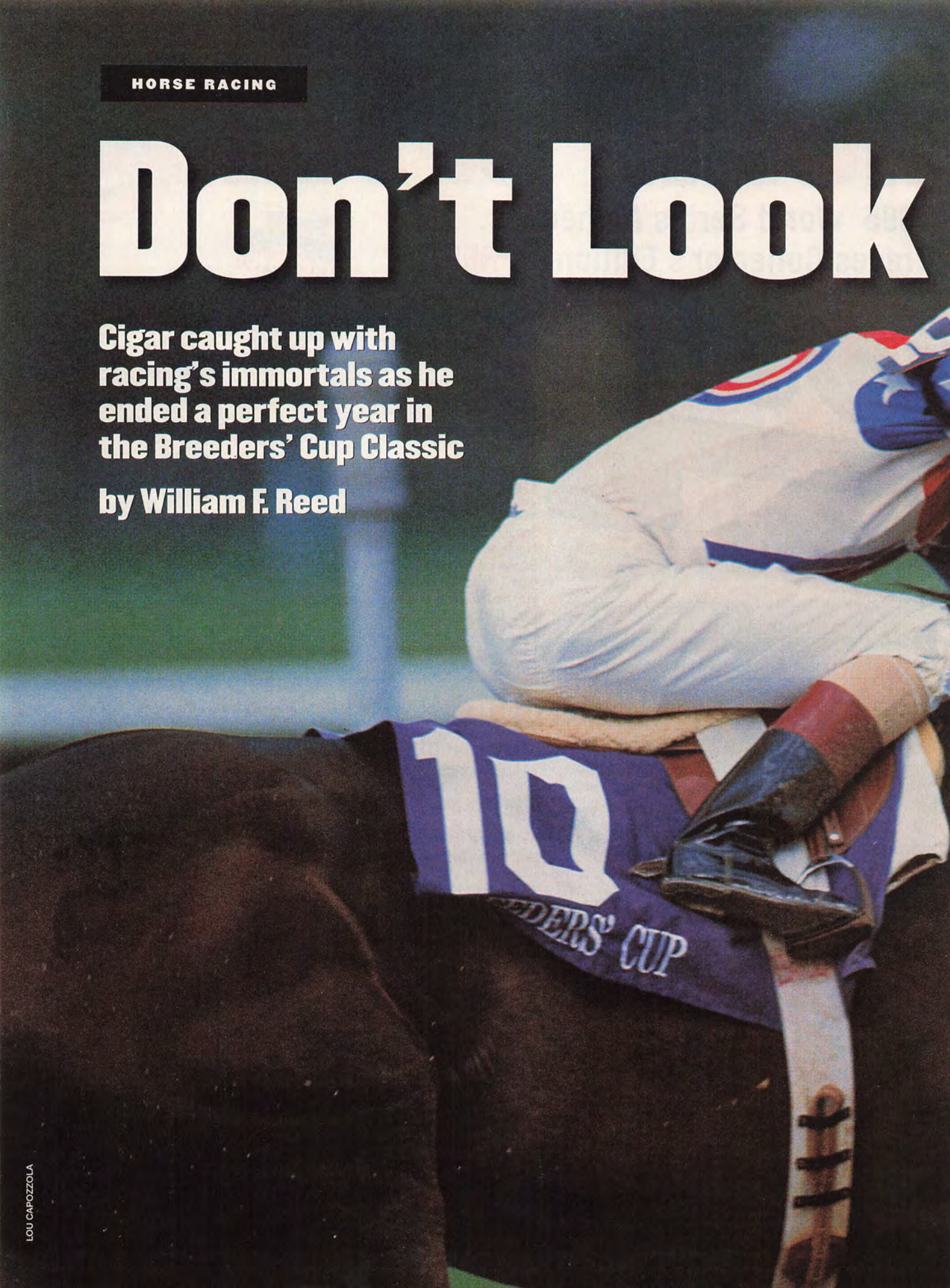
HORSE RACING

Don't Look

Cigar caught up with racing's immortals as he ended a perfect year in the Breeders' Cup Classic

by William F. Reed



LOU CAPOZZOLA

Back

Aboard Cigar, Bailey says, "the only way you know you're going faster is when you look over and see you're going past everyone."

THE UNLIKELY road to greatness had begun in New York exactly a year earlier, so Cigar had come full circle when he was led into the paddock at Belmont Park before last Saturday's $3 million Breeders' Cup Classic, the world's richest race. In only 365 days he had taken owner Allen Paulson, trainer Bill Mott and jockey Jerry Bailey on the longest journey in thoroughbred racing history. How far is it, after all, from obscurity to immortality? So now here he was, eyeballing his toughest competition yet as he was led around the walking ring, applause and whistles from the appreciative railbirds sweeping him along.

Everybody in the crowd of 37,246 knew that Cigar didn't have to win the Classic to be voted Horse of the Year. His record for 1995 was 9 for 9, the best campaign for a thoroughbred since Spectacular Bid ran the table in 1980, going 10 for 10. And he had done it as only the truly special ones do, winning at six tracks in six states, taking on all comers over all distances.

On his way from Barn 25 to the paddock, Cigar had traveled or crossed stable roads named for such immortals as Man o' War, Secretariat, Count Fleet and Omaha. It was these legends, and such Hall of Fame handicap horses as Kelso, Forego and John Henry, that he now stood on the verge of joining. With one more race Cigar could confirm that he belonged among them and eliminate any lingering doubts that, in just 365 days, he had become the superstar that racing fans have been awaiting, with increasing frustration, since Spectacular Bid's final race.

Bailey, 38, felt an inner tension as he strode through the crowd of well-heeled horsemen gathered in the walking ring before the Classic. "I wanted to show everyone how good Cigar is," Bailey said.

When Cigar (center) splashed past Star Standard (second from right) and L'Carriere, he was home free.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

That, of course, is what the Breeders' Cup is all about. Although Holy Bull was named Horse of the Year last year without competing on the Breeders' Cup program, that was a rare exception. Since its inception in 1984 the Breeders' Cup has been the forum where reputations are confirmed. The purse money—$10 million spread over seven races—is so huge that everybody with a good horse wants a shot at it. Yet the fields are so deep and competitive that the best horse doesn't always win. In the first 11 Classics, for example, only three favorites won (Alysheba in '88, Ferdinand in '87 and A.P. Indy in '92). The pressure is fierce, and several Cup programs have been marred by breakdowns, the most horrible of which came in 1990, the last time the event was held in New York, when the great filly Go for Wand shattered a foreleg 70 yards from the Distaff finish and was destroyed on the track.

All last week memories of that tragedy remained in the background at Belmont. Concerns about the track condition intensified when torrential storms were forecast for Friday night and Saturday morning. It bothered the cautious Mott—whose horse had never trained, much less raced, on a muddy track—until finally, on Friday morning, he just said the hell with it. "There's nothing I can do about it," he said. "We know it's going to rain, and we know there's going to be some mud. But we're running no matter what. If he gets beat, so be it, but we're not afraid of anything."

As it turned out, the rain wasn't as heavy as predicted. The behind-the-scenes heroes were the members of the maintenance crew, who did such a good job of sealing the main track (packing the dirt tightly so that water drained off the surface instead of seeping beneath it) that the going wasn't as treacherous as it looked from the stands or on TV. The horses liked it just fine: Three of the first four dirt races yielded record times—My Flag in the Juvenile Fillies (1:42.20 for a mile and a sixteenth); Inside Information in the Distaff (1:46.00 for a mile and an eighth); and Unbridled's Song in the Juvenile (1:41.30 for a mile and a sixteenth).

As the afternoon wore on, two gorgeous rainbows accompanied the transition from overcast and drizzly to bright and warm. But the sun never shone on trainer D. Wayne Lukas, who brought seven Cup hopefuls from their Louisville base to New York and could come no closer to the winner's circle than two second-place finishes. The foremost disappointment for Lukas came in the Distaff, where Serena's Song never got the lead she so loves and finished a dull

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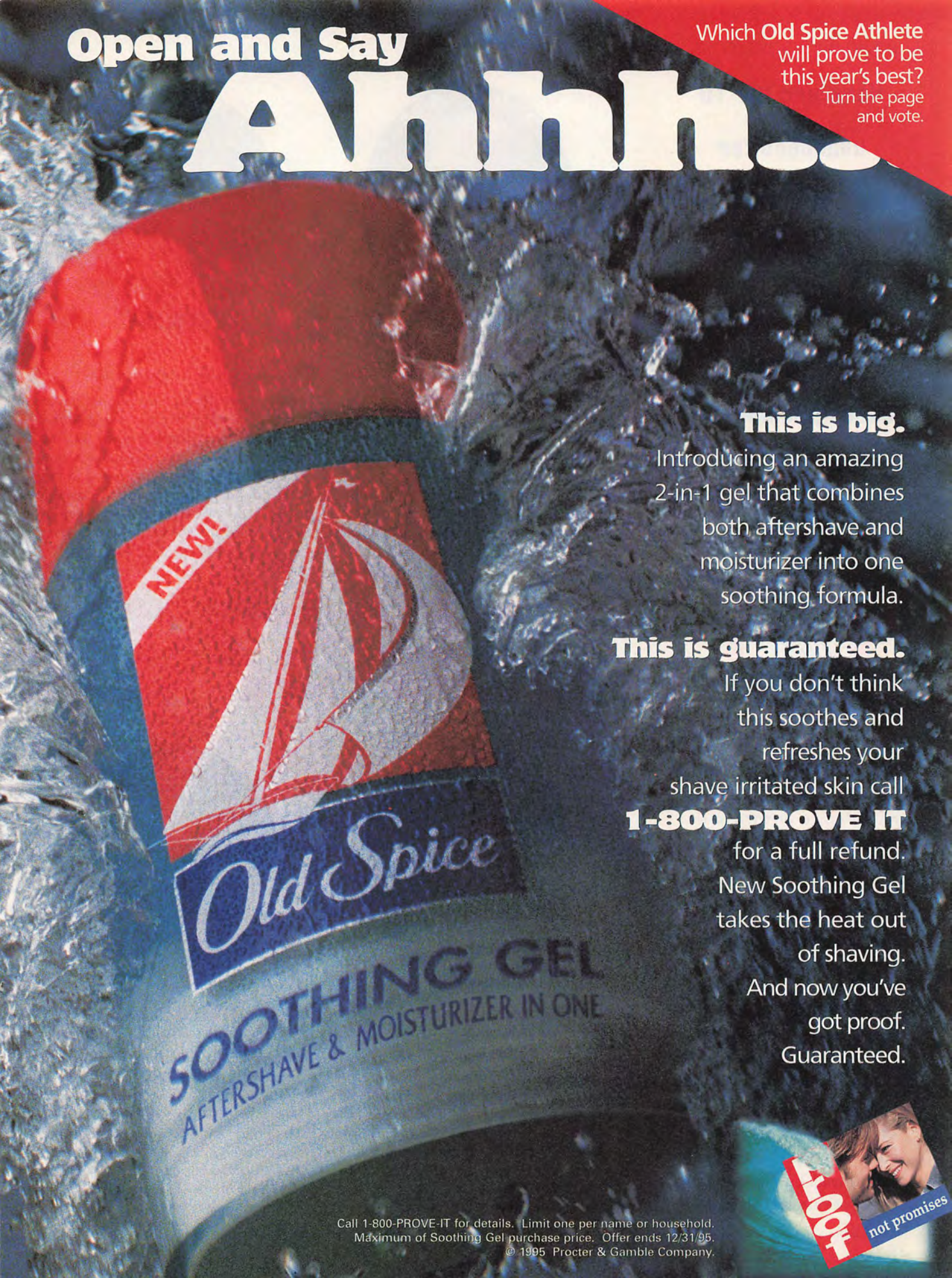

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THE OLD SPICE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH PROGRAM RECOGNIZES OUTSTANDING AMATEURS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY WHO COMPETE IN A VARIETY OF SPORTS. THE 10 MONTHLY WINNERS FROM 1995 ARE NOW ELIGIBLE FOR THE THIRD ANNUAL OLD SPICE ATHLETE OF THE YEAR AWARD. BENEATH EACH PHOTOGRAPH IS A SUMMARY OF THE ATHLETE'S CREDENTIALS THROUGH THE MONTH HE WAS FEATURED. USE THE ATTACHED BALLOT TO VOTE FOR THIS YEAR'S WINNER, WHICH WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE DECEMBER 18 ISSUE.

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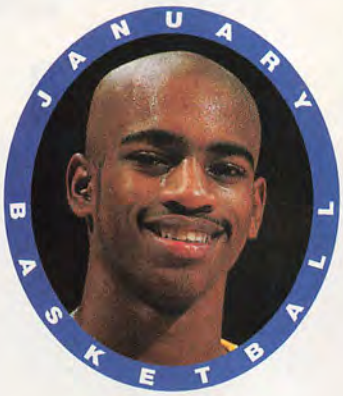
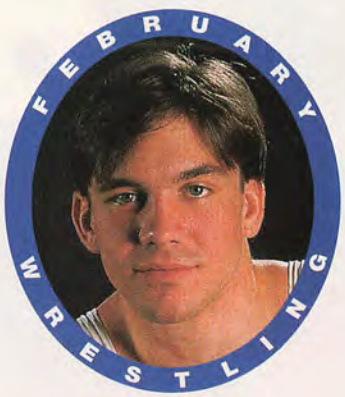


VINCE CARTER

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

Carter, 18, amazed the crowds at Mainland High with an array of acrobatic moves and flying jams. Equally adept at playmaking, rebounding and shooting, the 6′6″ Carter drew comparisons to a young Michael Jordan. He was also drum major in the Mainland band. He is currently attending Jordan's alma mater, the University of North Carolina.



SEAN HAGE

POWDER SPRINGS, GA.

Hage, 19, a four-time national junior champion, took home a world junior freestyle title in 1994. A brawny 6′1″, he won more than 100 consecutive scholastic matches. Hage competed in the 189-pound weight class at Harrison High, where his father was his coach. A top prospect for the U.S. Olympic team in 2000, Hage is attending West Virginia.

KIP JANVRIN

WARRENSBURG, MO.

Janvrin, 30, emerged from the shadow of better-known decathletes like Dan O'Brien and Steve Fritz to win the gold medal at the Pan American Games last March. His resume includes three NCAA Division III titles, a gold medal at the 1989 U.S. Olympic Festival, a bronze medal at the 1994 Goodwill Games and six victories at the Drake Relays.

SHARIF KARIE

SPRINGFIELD, VA.

Karie, 17, was by far the top distance runner at the Virginia state Class AAA outdoor track championships in June. He won the 1,600 meters in 4.08.85, just .09 of a second off the meet record, and also finished first in the 3,200, clocking 9:12.36. Karie left his native Somalia in 1993 and settled in Northern Virginia, where he lives with an aunt.

If the ballot is missing, write your vote on a postcard that must arrive by Nov. 24, 1995 to: Old Spice Athlete of the Year, P.O. Box 30614, Tampa FL 33630-0614.

BRAD SCHICK

GUNNISON, COLO.

Schick, 18, was a prolific scorer on the basketball court for Gunnison High, setting school single-game records for points (59) and assists (15), and connecting for at least one three-pointer in more than 60 consecutive games. A 4.0 student, he was also a star quarterback, an ace pitcher, and the answer man for the school's Knowledge Bowl team.

CHAD HUTCHINSON

DEL MAR, CALIF.

Hutchinson, 18, can send a baseball hurtling toward the plate at 94 mph, or fire a football into the arms of a receiver 60 yards downfield. The strong-armed righthander has superstar potential in both sports. At Torrey Pines High, he was a top pitcher and first-string quarterback, and a B in chemistry was the only blemish on his GPA.

DAVID FOX

RALEIGH, N.C.

Fox, 24, won three individual freestyle races at the U.S. Spring Nationals. He finished first in the 100 meters and the 200 meters, and registered the third-fastest time in U.S. history (22.23 seconds) in the 50-meter sprint. At North Carolina State in 1993, Fox won an NCAA title, swimming 50 yards in 19.14 to break Matt Biondi's meet record.

ATHLETE OF THE YEAR

BILL McLAUGHLIN

GLADSTONE, N.J.

McLaughlin, 30, is one of the nation's top athletes in the triathlon, a grueling three-sport competition that commonly consists of a 1.5-kilometer swim in a lake, a 40-kilometer bike ride and a 10-kilometer run. The winner of world and national age-group titles in 1993, McLaughlin finished No. 1 overall in three of his first four triathlons this year.

EARL HANIFORD IV

MARTINSVILLE, IND.

Haniford, 18, is the only quarterback ever to lead Indiana in passing three years in a row. He finished his junior season at Martinsville High with 8,412 career yards, smashing Jeff George's state record. Haniford also carries a 3.8 GPA, runs his own lawn-care business, and plays the trombone in the Eastview Christian Church band.

T.J. WEBBER

BATTLE GROUND, WASH.

Webber, 18, won the PowerAde National In-Line Skate Series aggressive-skating championship in the Street division. At the event, held in Venice, Calif., he dazzled the judges in four furious 75-second intervals, twirling on handrails and flying over ramps. Webber previously had outclassed the field at a local NISS competition in Portland, Ore.

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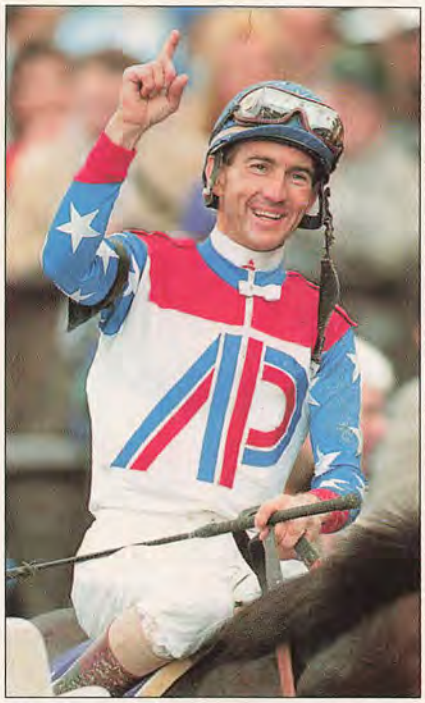
PHOTO CREDITS *(from top left)*: David E. Klutho, Jim Gund, courtesy of Brad Schick, Robert Beck, Ken Redmond, Victah Sailer, Doug Pensinger, Chuck Solomon, Mary Ann Carter, Jan Sonnenmair

fifth, nearly 19 lengths behind the victorious Inside Information, whose 13½-length win over stablemate Heavenly Prize made a joke out of what was supposed to be the day's most competitive race. It gave trainer Shug McGaughey his second Cup win of the afternoon (the other was My Flag, with Bailey up), and McGaughey was quick to praise jockey Mike Smith, who also won the Juvenile aboard Unbridled's Song. "Mike got her into the race right away," McGaughey said. "He didn't want to let anything slip away from him."

Last year Smith let Cigar slip away. On Oct. 28, 1994, Smith was aboard when Cigar took the first steps of his historic journey. At the time, Mott was at his wit's end with the colt, whose pedigree indicated he should be a grass horse. But Cigar had won only one of 11 starts on the turf, so Mott moved him back to the dirt to see what would happen. Sent off at odds of 7–2 in a mile allowance race at Aqueduct,



BILL FRAKES (2)

It was hats off to Cigar for everyone but Madeleine Paulson (with husband Allen) and Bailey.

Cigar rolled to an eight-length victory that led track announcer Tom Durkin to scream, "It's Cigar, and no butts about it!"

In Cigar's next start, the NYRA Mile, on Nov. 26, Mott used Bailey because Smith was committed to Devil His Due. Cigar won by seven. Bailey, who had ridden Cigar in some of his turf races, was astounded by how much he had improved on the dirt, but he reserved his final judgment until May 13, when Cigar won the Pimlico Special and ran his winning streak to seven. It was then that Bailey, who was inducted into the Hall of Fame in August, began calling Cigar the best horse he had ever ridden.

Although he had ridden three of the previous four Classic winners (Black Tie Affair in '91, Arcangues in '93 and Concern last year), Bailey wanted this one more than any other. Yet, as he pulled on Paulson's red-white-and-blue silks, Bailey knew that Cigar would need his best effort, on a track that didn't suit him, against a field that included hard-knocking older horses such as Concern, Soul of the Matter, Unaccounted For and Tinners Way; a pair of late-blooming 3-year-olds in French Deputy and Peaks and Valleys; and a European import, Halling, who had won eight in a row on the grass. "Too many strange things happen in this game," Bailey said, "but I knew I had the best horse."

One of those strange things happened when Bailey arrived in the paddock before the Classic. Everything was upbeat until the paddock blacksmith—at the request of Bobby Frankel, the trainer of Tinners Way—came up to Mott and said he had been asked to inspect Cigar's shoes. To protect the rear of Cigar's hooves, Mott had equipped his horse with shoes that protrude about an inch behind the hoof.

The shoes violated no rule, and in fact Cigar had worn them all year, so Mott felt that Frankel was trying to employ a little gamesmanship. "He was trying to claim foul or just be a crybaby, I guess," Mott said. Frankel later said that he had requested the check because the shoes looked unorthodox to him and he wasn't sure they were legal. So Mott did a slow burn while the blacksmith inspected Cigar's footwear, making the star of the show the last to leave the paddock.

From then on, however, it was Cigar's day. Again. When the starting gate sprang open, Cigar bolted from his outside post position, moving up and in and running third before the leader, Star Standard, had negotiated the first eighth of a mile. "He leaves the gate wanting to go to the lead, and usually I have to discourage him from doing that," Bailey said. "But this time I gave him his head. When he got up there, I had to spend the next three eighths of a mile trying to get him back. By that point I needed a little rest on my arms."

Through the first six furlongs of the mile-and-a-quarter race, Bailey and Cigar were content to stay third or fourth, stalking the pace. But as the field galloped into the far turn, Cigar made a breathtaking move that gave him the lead at the quarter pole. Said Bailey, "Unaccounted For was starting to make his run on the inside, so Cigar was ready to go for the lead, and I was ready for him to take me. Cigar is so fluid and so efficient that the only way you know you're going faster is when you look over and see you're going past everyone."

As Cigar turned down the lane and headed for home, the only question was whether anybody could catch him. The long shot L'Carriere tried, leaving the pack to make a belated charge, but he was never a threat. At the wire Cigar's margin was a comfortable 2½ lengths. He became, at 3–5, the shortest-price favorite to win the Classic, and his time of 1:59.58 was a Classic record.

And now what? If all goes well, a 6-year-old Cigar could go from being America's horse to being the world's horse. Mott and Paulson would love to take him to the Persian Gulf and run him next March 26 in the $4 million Dubai Classic, which will replace the Breeders' Cup Classic as the world's richest race. But Bailey, who came to the postrace press conference with his teeth clinched on a cigar that a fan had given him, was interested only in savoring the moment.

"I don't know if this was his best race," Bailey said, "but it was his most important race. He did it the same way we've seen him do it so many times before. I don't know if he can duplicate this year. I don't know if that's possible for him or anybody else." ■

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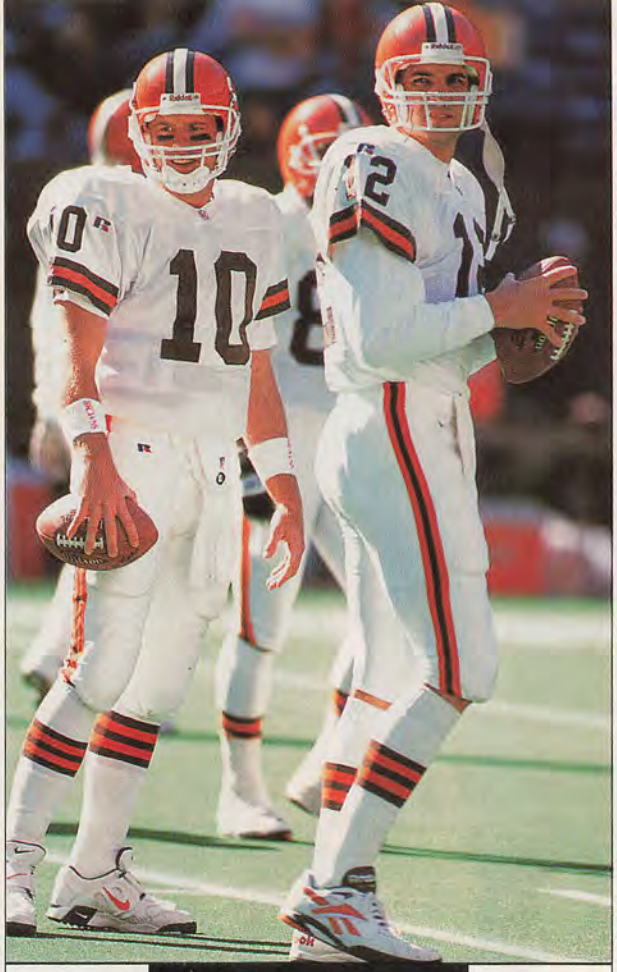
Zeier emerged from behind Testaverde to complete 26 of 46 passes against Cincinnati.



JONATHAN DANIEL

PRO FOOTBALL

Zeier On Fire

There's a new Dawg barking signals for the Browns, and he burned the Bengals 29–26

by Austin Murphy

SURELY THERE would be hugging. Perhaps there would even be a sprinkling of happy tears. Having led his team to victory in his first NFL start, Eric Zeier was striding toward his father and what seemed certain to be an emotional rendezvous.

As Eric, the Cleveland Browns' 23-year-old rookie quarterback, emerged from the belly of Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium on Sunday, his father Rick, a retired Army major, removed the stogie from his mouth and patted him on the shoulder. "Way to go, Dawg-man," he said. For all the enthusiasm that went into the greeting, it was as if Eric had just picked up a spare at the local bowling alley.

"Thanks, Dad," said young Zeier, which rhymes with fire, which is what he lit under the Browns on Sunday. Eleven months after his final game for the Georgia Bulldogs (hence the old man's nickname for him) and six months after Cleveland drafted him in the third round, despite concerns that at six feet he might be too short to play quarterback in the NFL, Zeier showed remarkable patience and poise in leading the Browns to a 29–26 overtime win over the Cincinnati Bengals. These old divisional rivals had taken 3–4 records into the Battle of Ohio, and Cleveland, thanks also to five Matt Stover field goals, left in a tie for first place with the Pittsburgh Steelers in that repository of mediocrity, the AFC Central.

By guiding his teammates to their first victory in four games, Zeier vindicated Brown coach Bill Belichick, who touched off a controversy in Cleveland six days earlier by benching incumbent quarterback Vinny Testaverde. Zeier also did what Testaverde had been unable to do in seven starts this season: get a monster game out of Pro Bowl wide receiver Andre (Bad Moon) Rison, who hauled in seven passes for 173 yards and a touchdown. Coming into the game, Bad Moon was having a bad season, having caught a meager 17 passes. It was an easy number to remember, since the Browns had signed Rison in the off-season to a five-year, $17 million contract.

Testaverde will be hard-pressed to get his job back, judging by the praise the Cleveland coaches heaped on Zeier after the game. "He responded like a 10-year veteran," said Belichick.

Zeier's numbers—he completed 26 of 46 passes for 310 yards, threw one touchdown and was intercepted once—become all the more impressive when one realizes that the Browns were down to two of their regular wide receivers, having lost Michael Jackson and Derrick Alexander to injuries. Zeier picked up blitzes and dumped the ball off expertly. He consistently hit his second, third and fourth receivers against the weak Cincinnati secondary. And to the surprise of the Bengals, whose scouting reports had pegged him as a sluggish scrambler, Zeier repeatedly hurt them by pulling the ball down and running eight times for 44 yards.

"I liked them scrambles, Dawg-man," said the Major, handing Eric a stack of mail from home. "But who were you trying to go to on that interception?" One gets the impression that Rick parcels out praise in modest doses. Once Eric was out of earshot, however, he said proudly, "The kid's always had some magic dust up his sleeve. There's something about him that inspires the guys around him."

One man's magic dust is another man's spark, which was the buzzword around the Browns last week. Belichick spoke repeatedly of the need for an offensive spark in announcing Zeier's promotion. "I'm not blaming Vinny for our problems," said Belichick. "We just needed something to get us going, and I didn't want to make 14 changes."

Because Testaverde had been one of the few Browns playing well, Belichick's announcement seemed to indicate a mild panic on his part. Testaverde's demotion also achieved the near impossible: his transformation in the minds of doubting Cleveland fans from a scapegoat to a sympathetic figure.

Testaverde did not go gently into the realm of clipboard caddies. "Bill says he wants to add some spark? Well, if you catch a touchdown pass, that's a spark," said a testy Testaverde while dressing for practice last Thursday. His point? On at least three occasions this season, he has had passes dropped in the end zone.

Testaverde's demotion was greeted with genuine regret by his teammates . . . followed almost immediately by excitement. "Let me tell you, Zeier doesn't *play* like a

DAVID LIAM KYLE

JOHN BIEVER

Cleveland's defense took away Blake's bread and butter, the bomb, and then it rang his bell.

rookie," said left tackle Tony Jones last Thursday. "He doesn't carry himself like a rookie. In our first preseason game, he came into the huddle so *arrogant*. He just came in and said, 'Well guys, —— it. Let's score.' I like that in a guy."

A staph infection in Testaverde's left leg—local cynics described it as "a Zeierus"—kept him out of the second and third exhibition games, opening the door for Zeier. When he decided to start Zeier instead of fifth-year veteran Brad Goebel against the Chicago Bears on Aug. 14, Belichick says he did everything he could to "turn the heat up on him." He announced his decision on Tuesday, forcing Zeier to cope with a week's worth of intense media attention. "He handled everything we threw at him," says Belichick.

Zeier responded by completing 14 of 16 passes, throwing for one touchdown and running for another in a 55–13 rout of the Bears.

And it quickly became apparent that Zeier's preciosity was by no means limited to the field. Last week, for example, he expertly parried reporters' attempts to draw him into making controversial statements about Testaverde. He did this by spouting bromides, as when he served up this triple-decker of clichés, "I'm going to go out there and just play. We'll take them one game at a time, and hopefully we can get this thing turned around."

The Browns were visiting a team that appeared to have executed just such a U-turn. The Bengals had won only 14 games in the previous four seasons but had already won three times this year and were coming off a startling 27–9 whipping of Pittsburgh. In that win Cincinnati quarterback Jeff Blake had connected on touchdown bombs of 47 and 41 yards—one apiece to his sensational young wideouts, Carl Pickens and Darnay Scott. Blake, as of Sunday, led the NFL with eight pass completions of 40 yards or more and four of 50-plus.

The Browns beat the Bengals, in large part, by depriving Blake of the long ball. Cleveland's safeties lined up 25 yards deep and made sure Cincinnati's wideouts couldn't get behind them. That turned the Mad Bomber into a frustrated dink-baller. Blake's longest completion of the day, a 32-yarder to running back Eric Bieniemy, was really a 25-yard run tacked on to a seven-yard pass.

Zeier out-Blaked Blake, connecting on a pair of sweet rainbows to Rison. The first, a 46-yarder in the second quarter on which cornerback Leonard Wheeler was crisped, set up the third of Stover's five field goals. The second, which went for 59 yards in the third quarter as Rison split the safeties, was squandered three plays later when Zeier was picked off by Cincy linebacker Steve Tovar.

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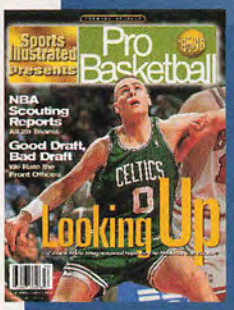

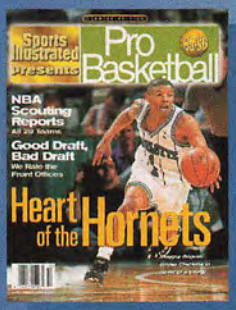

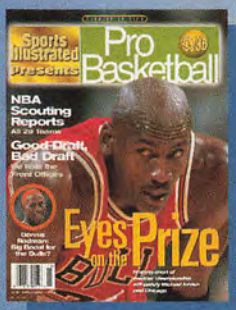

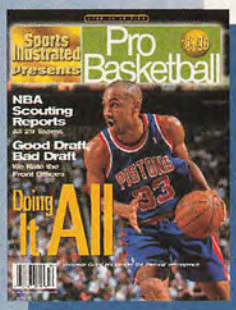

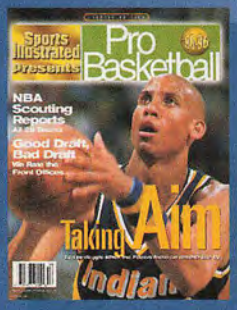

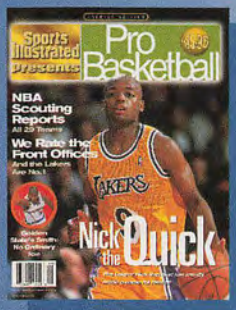

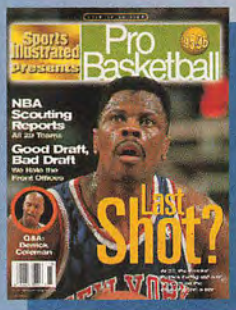

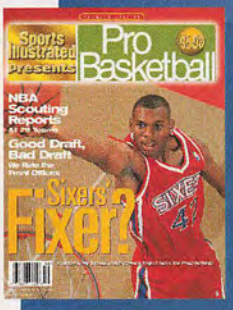

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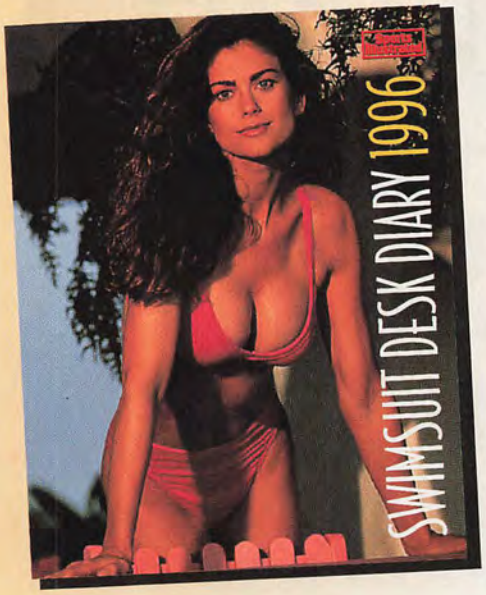

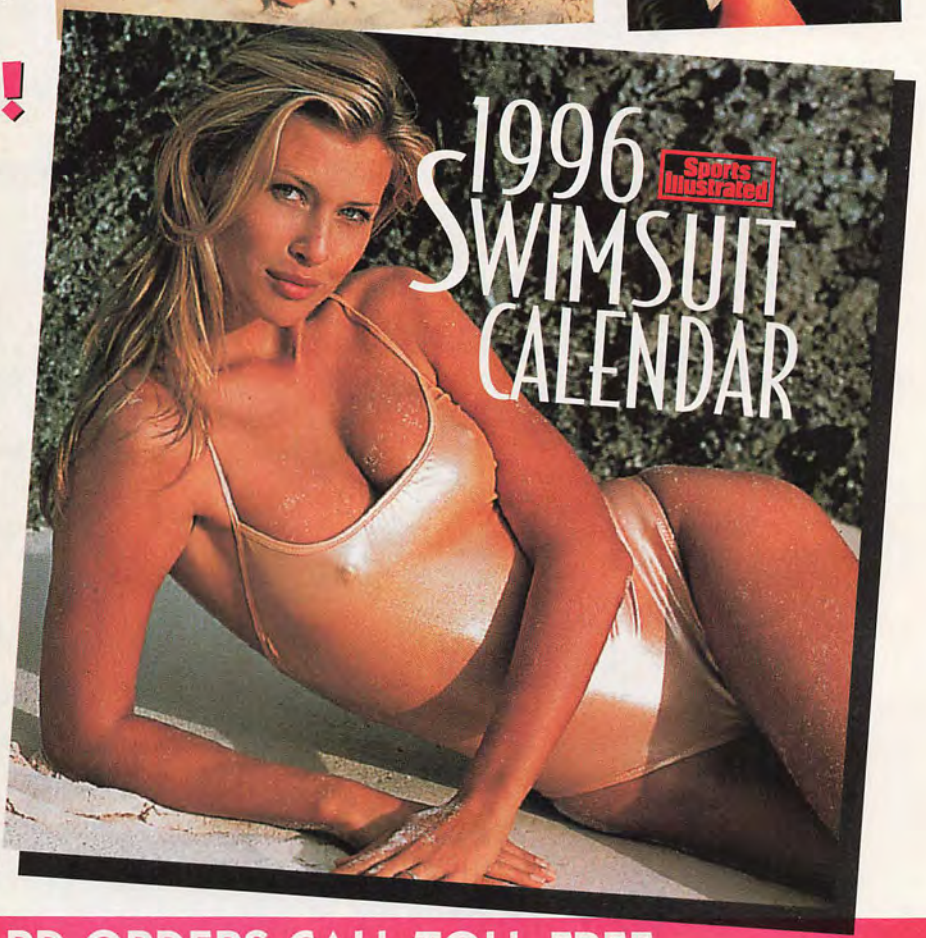

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Redemption came two possessions later. With Cleveland trailing 16–12 and 7:49 left to play, Zeier marched the Browns 73 yards in five plays. On the sixth play of the drive, he took a five-step drop and felt immediate pressure from Bengal outside linebacker James Francis, who was bearing down from Zeier's right. With Francis's hand on his shoulder—"I was just getting ready to jerk him down," said the heartsick Francis afterward—Zeier fired 17 yards into the end zone, where a well-covered Rison leaped to make the catch between two defenders and gave Cleveland a 19–16 lead. "I dropped one in the end zone last week," Rison said afterward. "There was *no way* I was dropping that one."

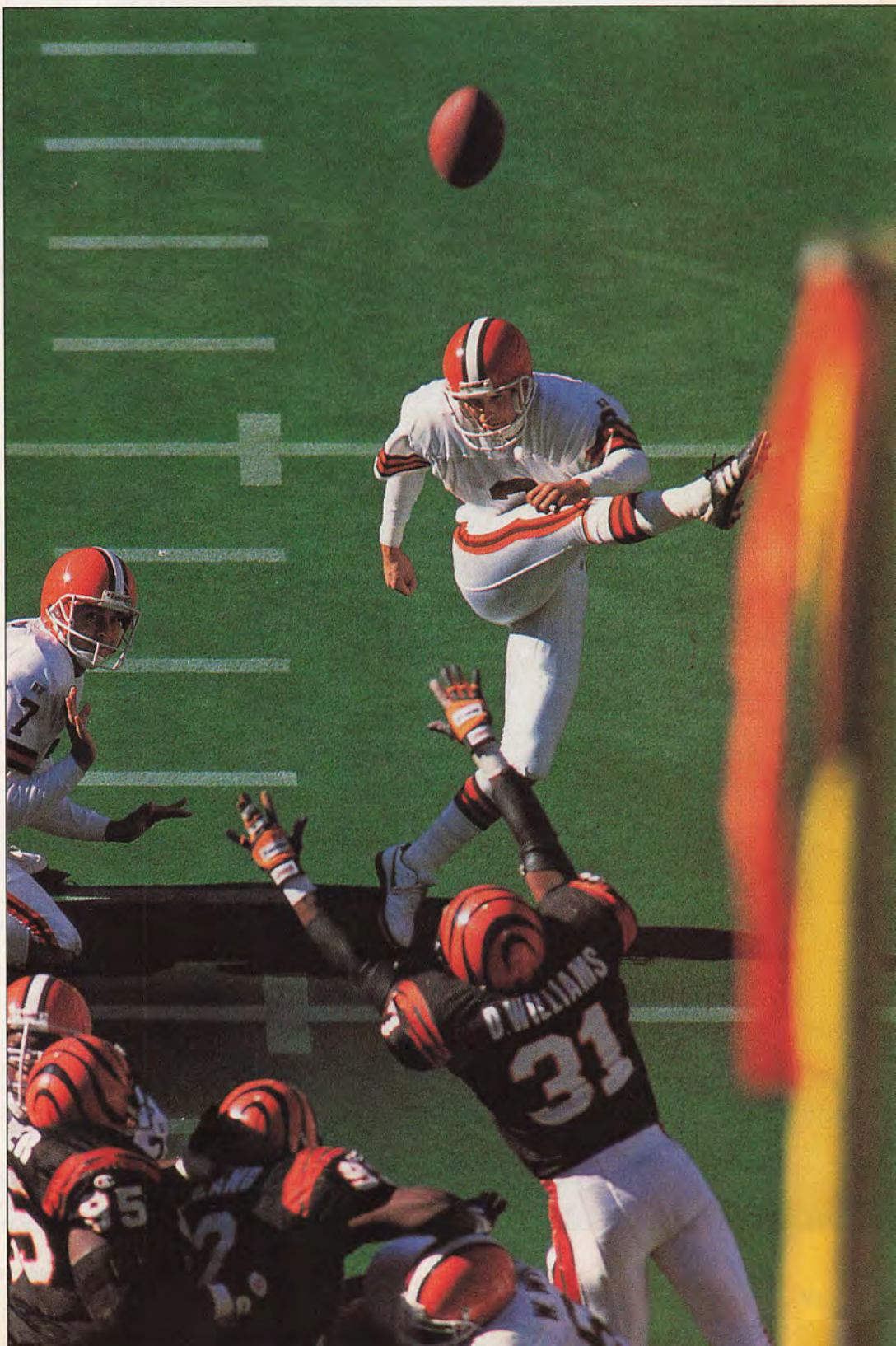
Weary of being reminded of that error and of his modest number of receptions this season, earlier last week Rison felt compelled to remind reporters that on numerous occasions, Testaverde had failed to spot him when he was wide open. Coming off the field on Sunday, Rison had no such complaints about his new battery mate. "I'll tell you what," he said. "That kid can play!"

Zeier's efforts were almost for naught as the Browns' defense squandered a 10-point lead after Cleveland went ahead 26–16 with 2:51 to play. The Bengals got a 41-yard field goal, recovered the ensuing onside kick and sent the game into overtime after Pickens caught a one-yard alley-oop from backup quarterback David Klingler with 15 seconds left. Klingler had entered the game after Blake had his bell rung just before the two-minute warning. Blake returned for the extra period but should have taken the rest of the day off. He was intercepted on Cincinnati's second possession in overtime, and Zeier moved the Browns 34 yards to set up Stover's game-winning, 28-yard field goal.

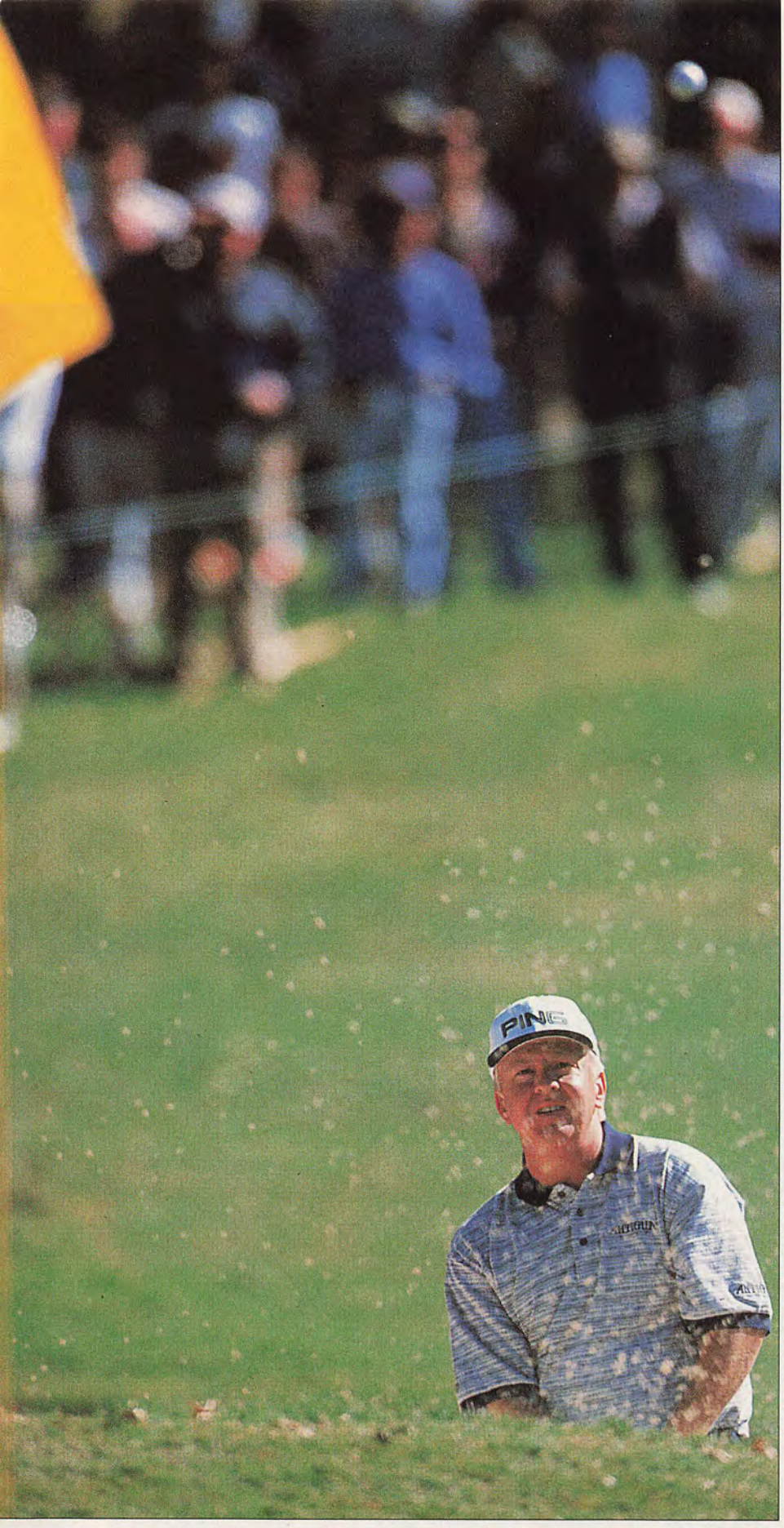
As Zeier made his escape from a scrum of reporters following his postgame press conference, a white-haired gentleman in gold wire rims approached him. He was Brown owner Art Modell, who congratulated Zeier and, unlike Zeier's dad, embraced him. And though Zeier had been dishing up his usual, self-effacing pabulum to the media, surely he would have something memorable to say to the patriarch of the franchise.

Leaning forward, an eavesdropper heard Zeier say this: "Let's get this thing turned around." ■

DAVID LIAM KYLE



Stover's career-high five field goals gave Cleveland a leg up in the AFC Central.



GOLF

Par for The Course

Billy Mayfair played patiently to pull out a win in the high-scoring Tour Championship

by Michael Bamberger

IN THE old days, before bubble shafts and sports psychologists, the golf circuit finished its season in Pensacola, in the heart of Florida's Redneck Riviera, where guys fished and played cards and hung loose. Now golf is big-time, and the official PGA Tour season concludes with a grand event for 30 players called the Tour Championship, and it's played on *hard* courses, and the victor gets $540,000, and it's *work*.

On Sunday in Tulsa, on the demanding, windblown fairways of Southern Hills Country Club, Billy Mayfair, a cherubic 29-year-old and a former U.S. Amateur champion, patiently ground out par after par, along with four bogeys and a birdie. His closing 73 was unspectacular, but it won him the tournament and pushed him to second place, behind Greg Norman, on the year-end money list with $1,543,192. Mayfair played the four rounds in 280 strokes, even par and three strokes ahead of Corey Pavin and Steve Elkington. When Pavin won the

With ample reassurance from Dr. Bob, Mayfair blasted his way to victory at Southern Hills.

Photographs by Jim Gund

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In Tennessee, Britanny Johnson and her mother, Kathy, attend classes together through Families for Learning, a program sponsored by Toyota.

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U.S. Open at Shinnecock Hills in June, he played expertly for four days and finished at even par too. Mayfair worked hard, and Southern Hills played hard. For the week the course yielded only 14 subpar rounds, and for the first time on the PGA Tour since 1981, no player in the field broke par.

"I don't think you could've had a regular major tournament with a full field here [at this time of year]," Mayfair said. "I don't think you'd get done [before dark]."

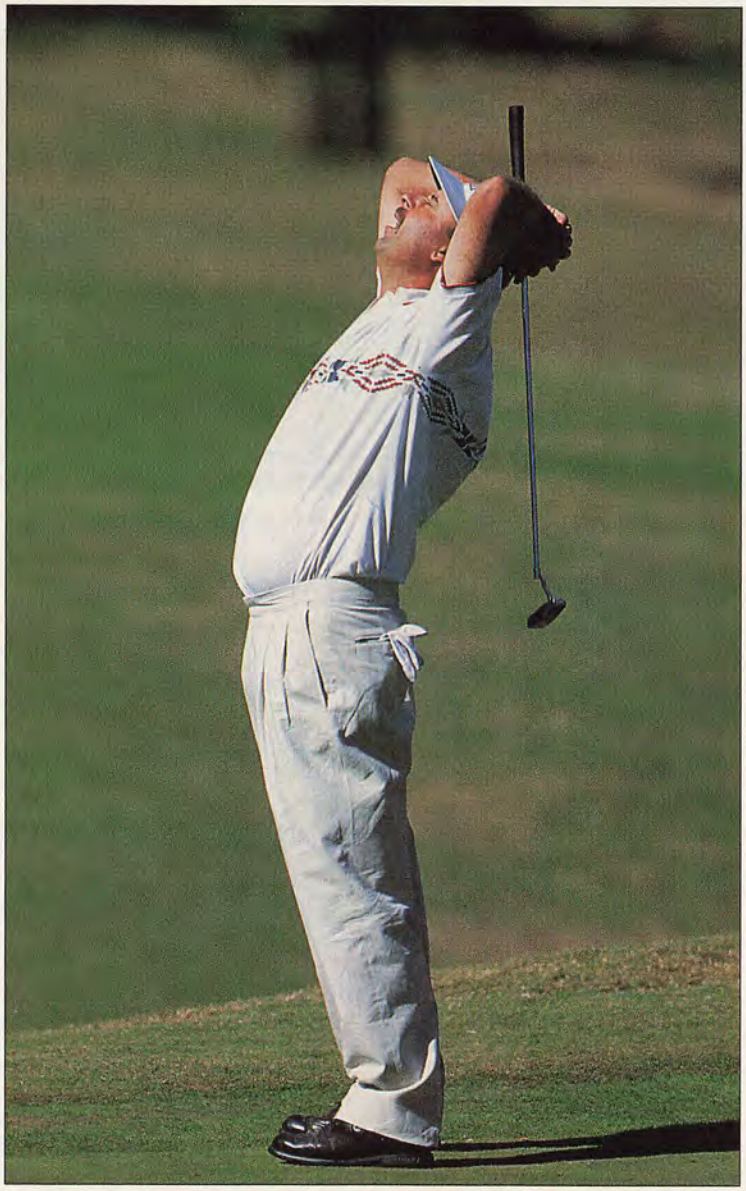
There's a certain segment of the golfing public that doesn't get Southern Hills. Your garden-variety, first-class-flying, golf-playing businessman spends his days scheming to find ways to get a tee time at Shinnecock Hills, while Southern Hills never gets a thought. The course lacks aura; the five major championships it has hosted have not been memorable. It has no magnificent vistas, no breath of the ocean. But the Perry Maxwell design is sound and fair; it requires a brain and 14 clubs, and that's all Tour professionals want. Which is why there were no complaints about the circa 1958 scores.

That doesn't mean the players viewed the week as a friendly 72-hole get-together, even though that's how they described it in the press tent. "It's the only place in the world you can make a fool of yourself and they'll give you 50 grand," said Brad (Dr. Dirt) Bryant. That's what Dirt *said*. On Sunday, with a bellyache and bogeys threatening to cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars, he massaged his temples on the 15th hole, and just looking at the man made your head ache.

A spot in the field was supposed to have been a reward for the top 30 money winners. Fred Couples, John Daly and last year's winner, Mark McCumber, were among the missing, and what they missed was punishment: fairway grass so short the players couldn't spin the ball on their approach shots and sloping greens that played with Augusta-like speed. Then there was the wind that blew off the plains and through the heads of the participants. By the time the players and their caddies made it through 18 holes, their faces were often red with windburn. When ABC commentator Brent Musberger, chipper as ever, observed that the wind had changed directions from Thursday to Friday, making previously easy holes hard, Linn Strickland, Ben Crenshaw's looper, looked at a clubhouse television with dumbfounded awe and said, "No kidding, Brent."

Mayfair, who won the Western Open in July, opened with a 68 and a one-shot lead. He called his psychologist, Bob Rotella, or Dr. Bob, as Mayfair refers to him. Dr. Bob made a plea for patience. After an even-par 70 on Friday, Mayfair trailed Bryant by a shot. Another call to Dr. Bob. Another plea for patience.

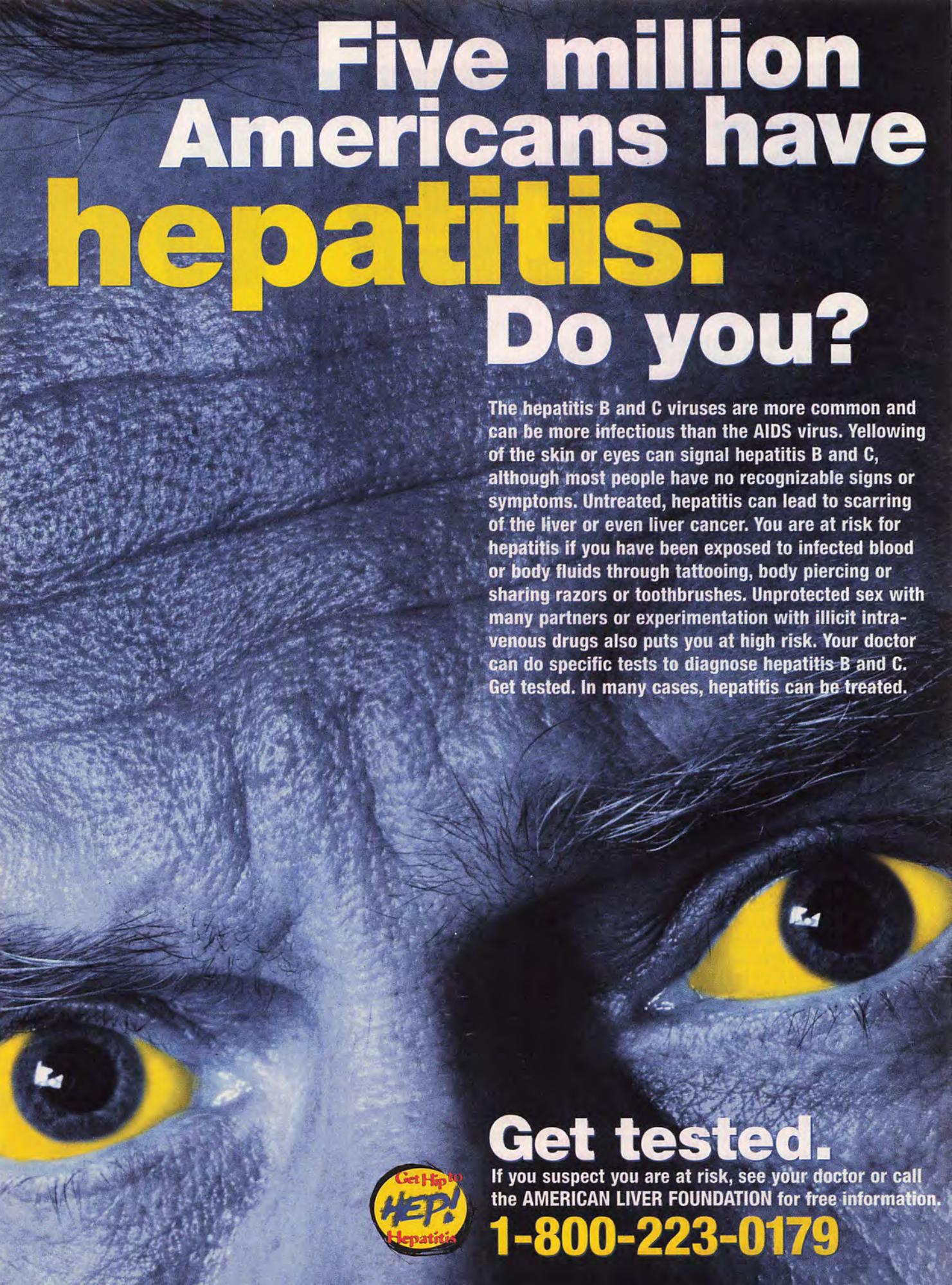
When Mayfair birdied Saturday's last hole and Bryant double-bogeyed, Mayfair led by a margin of three shots, while Bryant descended into a three-way tie for second with Elkington and Pavin at even par. Analyzing his third-round 73, Bryant said, "I started like a doofus, I finished like a dummy, and I putted terrible in between." Maybe Dr. Dirt should start calling Dr. Bob. Maybe Dr. Bob could teach Dirt to be his own best friend. Instead, on the Saturday night of the Tour Championship, Dr. Bob got a call from Mayfair. He again prescribed patience.



Dr. Dirt was up in arms as his lead vanished clean out of sight.

And Mayfair played his most patient golf on Sunday, just as they do in the majors, though he did his grinding without the customary heat from the usual suspects. Nick Faldo spent most of the week eluding British tabloid reporters seeking *anything* on his dissolving marriage and his new girlfriend, Brenna Cepelak, a 20-year-old University of Arizona golfer, and he managed nothing better than 70. That was Norman's, Lee Janzen's and Peter Jacobsen's best too. Ernie Els carded no better than a 71, and Davis Love III a 72. Nick Price's best was a 73, and he finished last in the field at 19 over par. (Coupled with Elkington's tie for second, that cost Price the Vardon Trophy for low-scoring average on the Tour.)

Mayfair didn't miss them. After each round he would drive with his wife in his Mercedes courtesy car down Tulsa's perfectly parallel streets, back to the room at the DoubleTree. By night he would place his calls to Dr. Bob, and by day he kept making pars until there were no more calls and no more pars to make, and the $540,000 and the title that goes with it were his. ■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Bitter Me

Eager to hold on to their valuable sideline practices, team doctors all too often strive to help the club, not heal the player

by Joseph Nocera

Special reporting by Lester Munson and Mark McClusky

MR. SHAPIRO: *Is a rupture or a tear of the anterior cruciate ligament a serious injury?*
DR. PAPPAS: *It is not an injury most athletes would prefer to have.*
—Lawyer Donald Shapiro, questioning Dr. Arthur Pappas Barrett v. *Pappas, U.S. District Court, Worcester, Mass.*

On June 4, 1989, late in a game against the Toronto Blue Jays, Marty Barrett, the second baseman for the Boston Red Sox, hit a ground ball to third base. Barrett was then 30 years old and had played six years in the big leagues. Only days before, Boston had signed him to a three-year contract extension, worth nearly $3.5 million. As Barrett ran to first, he could see that the throw was not a good one; Toronto first baseman Fred McGriff had moved to the foul side of the bag in an awkward attempt to make the catch while keeping his foot on the base. Fearing a collision, Barrett reacted to McGriff by darting suddenly toward the inside part of the base. When he did, he felt his right knee pop, and he collapsed in pain. Though he didn't know it at the time, he had just ruptured his anterior cruciate ligament.

Two days later Barrett underwent arthroscopic surgery in Worcester, Mass., a city some 45 minutes from Boston that is home to the University of Massachusetts Medical Center. Worcester is also the location of the practice of Arthur Pappas, the chairman of the hospital's orthopedic department and the Red Sox team physician for 18 years. Pappas is also a longtime part owner of the

JOHN BLANDING/BOSTON GLOBE

Barrett had just signed a new contract and figured to have good years ahead of him when he ruined his knee in '89.

Photo process by Amy Guip

edicine

team. After the operation Pappas, generally portrayed in the Boston media as an avuncular figure, gave a short press conference. He reported that Barrett had simply suffered some torn cartilage in the knee and had stretched a ligament. Even though the postoperative report that Pappas filed at the hospital reflected the fact that he had removed much of what was left of Barrett's ruptured ACL, he made no mention of this far more serious injury during the press conference. Instead, his clear implication was that the operation had been no big deal; in fact, he said Barrett might be able to return to the lineup right after the All-Star break, a mere five weeks away.

It so happened that Pappas had operated the same day on the right elbow of Boston outfielder Jim Rice. This procedure had also gone well, Pappas said at the press conference. "So you went two for two today?" a reporter quipped. Pappas smiled smugly. "So far," he replied.

The purpose of the drugs was to deaden the pain in Butkus's knees, making it possible for him to play.

The Bears paid Butkus $600,000 to compensate for his ravaged knees.

NEIL LEIFER

Courtrooms are confining places, and that is especially true of the U.S. district court in Worcester, temporarily housed as it is on the sixth floor of a seven-story office building while the permanent federal court building is being renovated. The waiting area outside the courtroom is so cramped that even whispered conversations can be overheard, and inside the courtroom it doesn't get much better. There are only three rows of benches for spectators and only one entrance, which means that opportunities for awkward encounters are not just plentiful but also practically unavoidable.

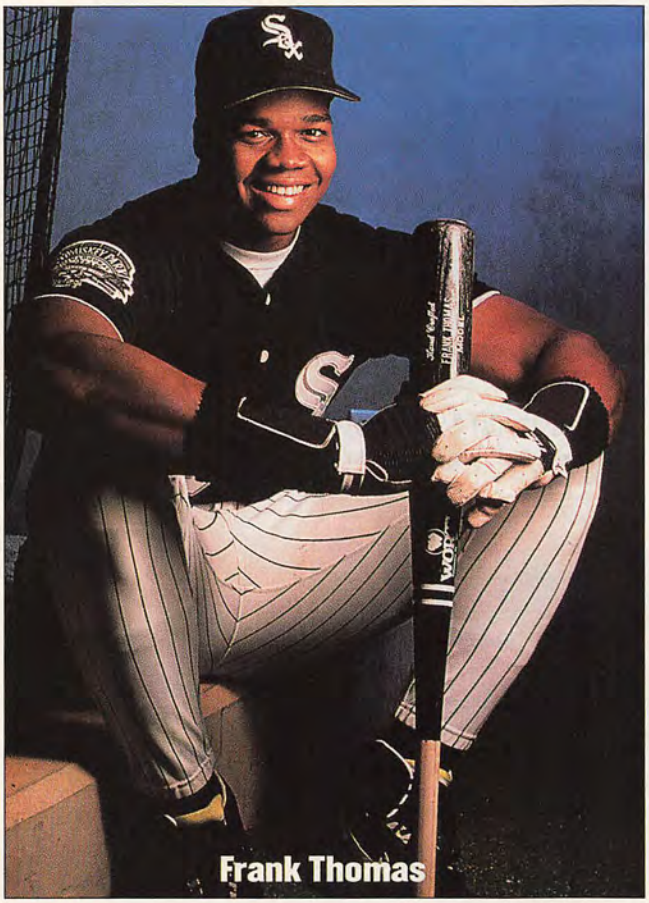
Barrett and Pappas know that now. Each learned quickly to sit on the same spot of the same first-row bench each day, barely 10 feet apart, without so much as acknowledging the other's presence. They became adept at staring past each other, averting their glances when their eyes accidentally locked, even for a millisecond. They mastered the peculiar pas de deux of litigants as they spent a week and a half this October as legal adversaries in that cramped Worcester federal courtroom.

Six years and four months after that arthroscopic surgery, Barrett, now a coach in the San Diego Padre organization, was in court, seeking close to $4 million in damages from Pappas. His fundamental allegation was that Pappas had never told him he had torn his ACL on that June day. Although Pappas denied the charge, Barrett's suit alleged that this failure to disclose the true extent of his injury hastened the end of his career. In taking this lawsuit all the way to its bitter conclusion, Barrett was raising to the surface the elemental and subterranean conflicts that plague team doctors in every big-time college and professional sport.

Barrett is hardly the only former athlete to sue a team doctor in recent times. Even before his case went to trial, there had been several trials involving athletes and team doctors this year alone.

In March former Chicago Bear wide receiver Ron Morris was awarded $5.3 million by a jury that heard that then team doctor Christ Pavlatos had

Belonging to the Boys & Girls Clubs doesn't guarantee an MVP award



In fact, it doesn't necessarily mean a kid will become a great athlete. What belonging to the **Boys & Girls Clubs of America** DOES do, however, is give more than two million young people from disadvantaged circumstances the chance to strive for success and reach for their dreams in virtually *any* field or endeavor. Just ask such alumni as Frank Thomas, Michael Jordan, Denzel Washington, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, General Motors President and CEO Jack Smith and President Bill Clinton.

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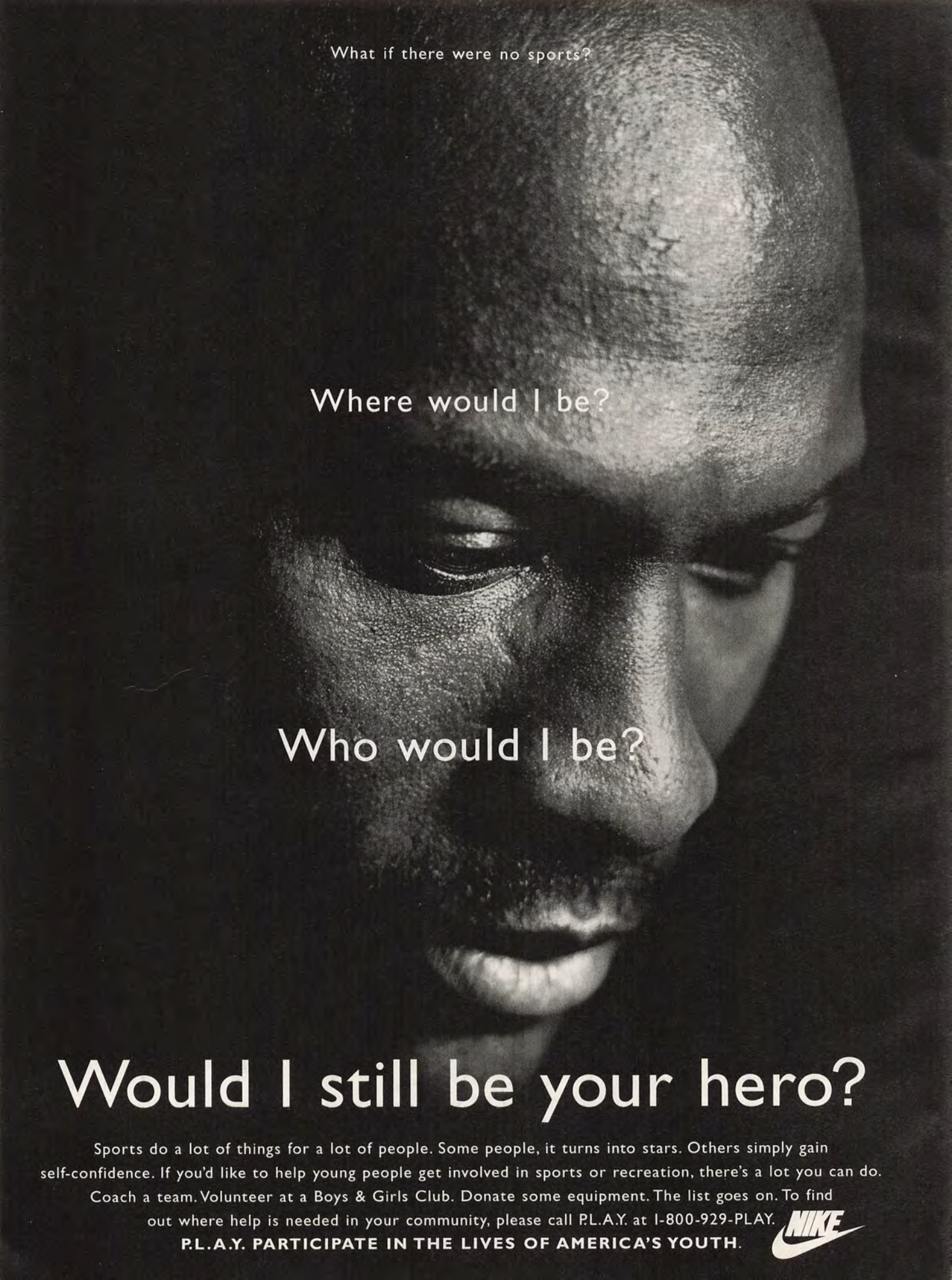

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NIKE

botched what should have been a routine procedure to repair knee cartilage. What's more, in his desperation to retain his post as the team's physician, Pavlatos had tried to cover up his error by erasing most of the videotape of the operation. Three months later a 28-year-old hockey player named Glen Seabrooke—a former first-round draft choice of the Philadelphia Flyers who was in his second year with the minor league Hershey Bears when he was injured—won a $5.5 million verdict against the Flyers' former team doctor John Gregg *(below)*.

The Seabrooke lawsuit in particular speaks to the central conundrum for any team doctor: To whom does he owe his allegiance? Is it the player, who is his patient? Or is it the team, which pays the doctor, makes the decision about whether to retain him as team physician and, more often than not, wants the injured player back on the field as quickly as possible? Last week this issue was raised anew when L. Fallasha Erwin, an agent for Washington Bullet forward Chris Webber, said that Webber would seek an independent medical opinion after he dislocated his left shoulder for

Crippling Indifference

IN THE 20-year history of lawsuits filed by players against doctors, no professional athlete has ever been awarded more than former hockey player Glen Seabrooke, who in July won a $5.5 million verdict against the Philadelphia Flyers' former team doctor, orthopedic surgeon John Gregg. Then again, few players have ever had so sad—or sordid—a story to tell.

In November 1988, Seabrooke, then a 21-year-old left wing with a Flyers' minor league affiliate, the Hershey Bears, hurt his left shoulder crashing into a goalpost. First he was given painkillers. Then, when the pain persisted, he underwent arthroscopic surgery, performed by Gregg, for a massive tear in his rotator cuff. Gregg subsequently ordered up an extraordinary—and extraordinarily painful—course of rehabilitation. Memos, later introduced into evidence, revealed that the physical therapists had promised Flyer management that they would be "beating on Seabrooke all summer" to get him back for the next season. In fact, during his rehab Seabrooke was pushed so far beyond the limits of human endurance that he passed out several times from the pain. "Extreme pain is a signal," says Neal Abbott, Seabrooke's agent. "They ignored it. It never went away. He did what they told him to, and they ruined his arm."

By the time Seabrooke finally got a second opinion, the damage had been done. His new doctor, Toronto orthopedist Charles Bull, diagnosed his condition as "reflex sympathetic dystrophy"—or dead arm syndrome. Today, Seabrooke's left arm and shoulder are useless and cause him constant pain, and there is no likelihood that the suffering will ever cease.

After he filed his lawsuit in April 1991, Seabrooke found himself the subject of surveillance, as insurance investigators hoped to find evidence that his arm was not as impaired as he said it was. The gumshoes claimed to have just such proof on video, which Gregg's lawyer planned to show to the jury. But it was Seabrooke's brother who had mistakenly been taped, so the video was never shown.

Seabrooke was a hot Flyer prospect in '89.

BRUCE BENNETT STUDIOS

After the video gambit backfired, Gregg was reduced to throwing himself at the mercy of the jurors. "I would never dare hurt anyone," he said, weeping on the witness stand. Then, addressing Seabrooke and explaining that he had once removed a tumor from Seabrooke's pelvis, he said, "You are alive today because of me."

The jury, which arrived at a verdict in three hours, wasn't buying Gregg's line, and the judge doesn't seem to either. "The jury did not perceive [Seabrooke] as a big-money professional athlete," says Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas Judge Marvin Halbert, who presided at the trial. "There was none of the animosity we see against the big stars. This was a kid who was never given a chance to make it." —L.M.

the second time in a year. According to *The Washington Post*, Webber felt that the Bullet doctor, Steve Haas, had not taken seriously Webber's complaints of pain in his shoulder and had cleared him to play in an exhibition game. A few days later, in another exhibition game, Webber suffered the shoulder separation.

Team doctors face torturous ethical dilemmas. Are they supposed to be getting players ready to play, or are they supposed to be seeing to it that they heal completely? Should the doctors be more concerned with the immediate needs of the team or with the long-term health of players whose careers will be over while they are still young men? How does a doctor keep from feeling like a member of the team, which, as former Los Angeles Raider team internist Robert Huizenga says, "invariably has a subtle effect on a doctor's decision-making process"? What does a doctor do when a coach or an owner is pressuring a player to get back in the lineup—and the player says he's not ready? More to the point, what does a doctor do in this situation when *he* knows that the player is not ready?

MR. SHAPIRO: *Dr. Pappas, are you an owner of the Red Sox?*
DR. PAPPAS: *I am a limited partner of the Red Sox. I have an investment interest in the Red Sox.*
MR. SHAPIRO: *So if the team does well, you do well?*
DR. PAPPAS: *I share in the gains—and in the losses.*

The use of painkillers and the pressure to return players to action have not gone away.

No team doctor more starkly illustrates the potential conflicts inherent in the position than Pappas. The man is no charlatan. Rather he's a highly respected orthopedic surgeon, now 64 years old, and one of the handful of surgeons who offer independent second opinions to professional athletes. Pitcher Dennis Eckersley, for one, claims that Pappas's work on his arm helped prolong his career; former National League All-Star pitcher Bob Tewksbury goes so far as to say that Pappas saved his career.

The income that doctors receive from teams is relatively insignificant, but they derive enormous benefits, some more obvious than others, from their association with the clubs. In New England, for instance, Pappas, who declined to be interviewed for this story, has long been connected in the public mind to the Red Sox, giving him a kind of visibility that other orthopedic surgeons can only dream about. That Pappas's medical practice has profited from his association with the team seems undeniable. As one prominent sports agent puts it, "When the high school quarterback in Framingham hurts his knee, who do you think his father is going to turn to to do the operation?"

But Pappas, alone among team doctors, has always received another, more tangible benefit. In the late 1970s, Pappas obtained about a 5% stake in the Red Sox. Pappas has gotten something other than visibility and box seats from his interest in the Sox: He has gotten rich. Today Pappas's stake is probably worth around $10 million.

Several years ago *Boston Globe* columnist Dan Shaughnessy called the relationship between the Red Sox and Pappas "highly unusual and inappropriate." However much Pappas might pooh-pooh any suggestion that he has a conflict of interest—something he has done regularly over the years and continued to do even last week, just after the Barrett lawsuit was resolved—it seems clear that Pappas has a direct financial interest in the Red Sox that could, at least, call into question his medical judgment about Boston players. Barrett said on the stand that Red Sox players were intimidated by Pappas, in no small measure because he was part of management. Since the mid-1980s, a number of high-profile Boston players, including pitcher Roger Clemens and outfielder Mike Greenwell, have chosen to have major surgery performed by other doctors. Phil Plantier, the San Diego outfielder who played for the Red Sox in the early '90s, once complained to the *Globe* that "Pappas failed to explain that the ulnar nerve surgery he underwent . . . would take almost a year and a half to fully heal"—a complaint remarkably similar to Barrett's.

As far back as 1979 Pappas was accused of allowing a player to play when he should have been healing, simply because the Red Sox needed the player in their lineup. This was the charge at the heart of Barrett's lawsuit, and it is the most common allegation leveled at team doctors. In '79 the player was catcher Carlton Fisk, who played the last six weeks of the '78 season with broken ribs. He was in terrible pain, but the Red Sox were in the middle of a pennant fight, and neither Pappas nor manager Don Zimmer (nor Fisk, for that matter) suggested that Fisk do anything but play. The following spring, when Fisk found himself on the disabled list—as the result of an elbow problem—he placed at least part of the blame for his sore elbow on the fact that Pappas had allowed him to play with the broken ribs.

"When I broke my ribs I should have had two weeks off," Fisk says, "but [Pappas] said, 'Well, you can't hurt yourself anymore than what's already been done.' The reason I hurt my elbow is, I was favoring my ribs when I threw. . . . I think he should have indicated the problems that could arise." According to Fisk, Pappas never did.

The first professional athlete known to have successfully sued a team doctor was Dick Butkus, the Hall of Fame linebacker of the Chicago Bears. He did so in 1974, the year after he retired from

© Coty, NY 1989

football with knees that would never be right again after having been repeatedly shot up with cortisone and other drugs during the last two years of his career. The purpose of the drugs was to deaden the pain in his knees, making it possible for him to play. What Butkus was alleging was that the team doctor, Theodore Fox, had put the short-term needs of the team over Butkus's long-term health. He asked for $1.6 million and settled for $600,000.

Four years later, in a lawsuit against orthopedist Robert Cook, the Portland Trail Blazers' team physician, former Blazer center Bill Walton charged that he had never been told about the lasting damage being done to his fragile feet while they were numbed by painkillers injected into them before every game. Although Walton, now an NBC basketball analyst, is no longer willing to be interviewed about his lawsuit, he was outspoken at the time, even after the suit was settled out of court, about his belief that he had been wronged by Cook.

In the two decades since those groundbreaking lawsuits much has changed, most of it for the better. Today, some of the most prominent orthopedic surgeons in the country serve as team doctors—for example, Stephen O'Brien, an orthopedic surgeon at the Hospital for Special Surgery in New York, is the orthopedic specialist for the New York Giants, and Michael Dillingham, the associate director of Stanford University's Sports Medicine department, handles the San Francisco 49ers. These are doctors whose very prominence as surgeons gives them clout with team officials. According to Leigh Steinberg, the agent who counts Niner quarterback Steve Young and 23 other NFL quarterbacks among his clients, Dillingham actually called him after Young's recent shoulder injury to warn him that Young would probably want to come back before he was ready.

Another improvement has been the gradual establishment over the past 15 years of the right to a second opinion—paid for by the team—if an athlete is dissatisfied with the team doctor's diagnosis. This second-opinion clause, part of the standard player contract in all four of the major professional team sports, is very much a by-product of disputes like Butkus's and Walton's.

Finally, there is no question that team doctors have become more cautious about administering steroids, painkillers and other drugs to athletes. Of course, as Kevin Harrington, a San Francisco orthopedic surgeon who advises the NFL Players Association (NFLPA)—and operates on many athletes—points out, the reason for this is not necessarily a heightened attention to the Hippocratic oath. "Nowadays there are so damn many lawsuits," he says, "that the doctors have to be a lot more careful than they used to be."

Yet team doctors are still placed in the position of having to answer to two different masters: player and team. And too many times, they wind up putting the needs of the team ahead of the needs of the player.

The most obvious, and most shameful, example of this divided loyalty takes place in pro football *after* a player retires. Hundreds of players over the past 15 years, having suffered debilitating injuries during their playing days, file for workman's compensation. According to Richard Berthelsen, the general counsel for the NFLPA, team doctors almost invariably side against players in arbitration hearings—claiming that players' injuries are not related to their having played football.

In late 1993 when a reporter for *The Washington Post* asked Lon Castle, a respected cardiologist who now works at the North Ohio Heart Center in Elyria, Ohio—and was the team doctor for the Cleveland Browns until he left the Cleveland Clinic, which provides medical care for the Browns—about the workman's compensation issue, he offered this chilling response: "You know, this is like the Mafia. You know: 'We're going to shoot you. It's nothing personal. It's business.' "

There are plenty of indications that both the use of painkillers and the pressure to get players back on the field have not gone away. Six weeks ago, for instance, in the first half of a game against San Francisco, New England Patriot quarterback Drew

Fast Operators

IT USED to be that teams paid the doctors who treated their players. Now the doctors are beginning to pay the teams. And the sums can be considerable. Of the various trends in sports medicine, none is more ominous—for the players, at least—than this one.

The practice became known to the public earlier this year when ABC News reported that both the Carolina Panthers and the Jacksonville Jaguars, the two NFL expansion franchises, had let it be known that medical groups interested in providing care for the teams' players would be expected to purchase luxury boxes, pay for ads in game programs and donate supplies, such as tape, in return for the right to be called the team's "official health-care provider." Carolina says that it subsequently backed off this approach, but the group that won the bidding war in Jacksonville is said to have indirectly paid around $1 million for the privilege.

In fact, the Jaguars are merely embarking on a more brazen version of a well-established practice. The Jewett Orthopaedic Group, for instance, has supplied the team physicians for the Orlando Magic ever since that franchise began play, in 1989. During that time, Jewett has also been a "sponsor" of the team, providing all the things the Jaguars were demanding of prospective team doctors, including arena advertising (JEWETT ORTHOPAEDIC CLINIC/YOUR TEAM PHYSICIANS). Jay Pearce of Jewett makes no bones about why his group was willing to put up money to be the Magic team physicians. "In this market," he says, "there are a lot of orthopedic surgeons. A lot of them would be willing to be sponsors. . . . We want the world to know that we do take care of the team." —L.M.

Clubs have recently begun to put the team doctor role up for bid.

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Bledsoe suffered a severe separation of his right shoulder. Even though the injury was serious enough that it would cause him to miss the next game, Bledsoe sat out only one series and played the rest of the game in obvious pain. When the press asked Patriot coach Bill Parcells why he had left Bledsoe in the game, Parcells's answer was simple: "He was well enough to finish the game." The Patriots' team doctor, Bert Zarins, did not return SI's calls, but as Steinberg, Bledsoe's agent, later said, "To take a 23-year-old quarterback who has been defined as the franchise and put him in a helpless circumstance doesn't make much sense."

Huizenga, the former Raider physician, believes that the use of painkillers and the incessant pressure on players to play—pressure that the team doctor, as much as the coach, often applies—still pervade the NFL. He saw it firsthand during the time he was with the Raiders, between 1983 and '89, and it led him not only to sever his relationship with the team but also to write an exposé, *You're Okay, It's Just a Bruise*. The book is a catalog of medical horrors: defensive lineman Howie Long complaining of electric jolts of pain up and down his legs—only to be told by the lead team physician, Robert Rosenfeld, that it was just a bruise and that he shouldn't worry about it; free safety Mike Harden being "cleared" to continue playing in a game in which he had a "quadriplegic episode"; linebacker Jerry Robinson being given cortisone pills to treat a severe concussion, a treatment that hadn't been widely prescribed since World War II. And hanging over it all is the looming specter of Raider boss Al Davis, forever pushing Rosenfeld—and Huizenga—to get his players back on the field for the next week's game.

No episode, though, in the sordid medical history of the Raider franchise can approach the tragedy of Curt Marsh, a guard for the team from 1981 to '86. After years of playing with an injury to his right ankle that was repeatedly misdiagnosed, Marsh was forced last year to have his right leg amputated eight inches below the knee (SI, Nov. 14, 1994).

After Huizenga's book was published last year, Davis asked Oakland's team trainer, who had been with the Raiders for more than 30 years, to publicly denounce the book. When he refused, Davis fired him.

There is one other troubling development: Teams have recently begun to put the role of team doctor up for bid, giving it to whichever clinic or group is willing to put up the most money *(box, page 84)*. "It's outrageous," says Harrington, the San Francisco orthopedist. Adds Huizenga, "There were always rumors of doctors paying the team to be the doctor. Now it's accepted practice."

MR. SHAPIRO: *Mr. Barrett, when you discovered in October 1989 that you no longer had an anterior cruciate ligament, did you call Dr. Pappas?*
MR. BARRETT: *Yes*
MR. SHAPIRO: *What did you say to him?*
MR. BARRETT: *I said, 'Have you talked to Dr. Steadman? He told me I had a torn ACL. Why didn't you tell me that?'*
MR. SHAPIRO: *And how did Dr. Pappas respond?*
MR. BARRETT: *There was an awkward silence for about 10 seconds. Then he told me to come in in about two or three weeks to start rehab.*

Because Barrett was not a star, the Red Sox viewed him as expendable.

Not surprisingly, Pappas's ownership role in the Red Sox was a red flag to Barrett's lawyer, Donald Shapiro. The relationship gave Shapiro something to sink his teeth into, a way to explain the inexplicable to a jury. In a fundamental way, it gave him his case. "If a doctor has a financial interest that is opposed to the patient's interest," Shapiro said before the verdict, "then there's an obvious problem. Here, there was no question that Boston's short-term interest was to get Marty Barrett playing again."

This was the scenario Shapiro laid out for the jury: The Red Sox, who had won their division the year before—and would win it again in 1990—believed strongly that they had a reasonable shot at a division title in '89. In fact, for most of the season they were within seven or eight games of first place. But this was not a team blessed with depth; it needed its veteran starters, players like Barrett, to stay healthy if it had any hope of making it to the American League Championship Series.

And that, Shapiro and Barrett contend, is why Pappas never told Barrett how badly he had been hurt. *The team needed him back in the lineup as quickly as possible*—and Pappas knew it. A tear in the anterior cruciate ligament is among the most serious of sports injuries. Since the mid-1980s, the standard treatment for professional athletes with a torn ACL has been to reconstruct it surgically, but that operation requires a rehabilitation that can last as long as a year. Clearly, if Barrett had had to undergo such an operation he would have been lost for the remainder of the '89 season and quite possibly for the early part of the '90 season as well.

What's more, Shapiro strongly suggested, because Barrett was not a superstar the Red Sox viewed him as expendable in the longer run—which was also something team owner Pappas was likely to know. Team executives testified during the trial that even before

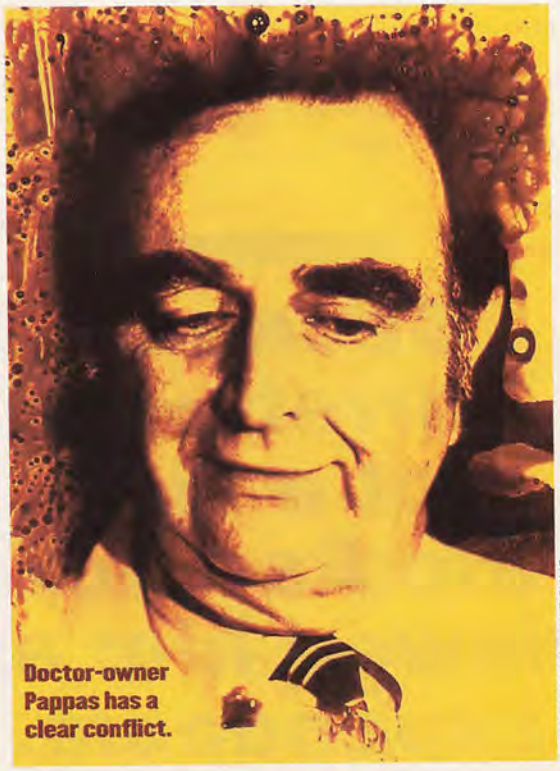
Barrett's injury they had planned eventually to move shortstop Jody Reed over to second base (this, in fact, did happen) and that they knew Barrett's three-year contract would probably be his last with Boston. That deal included a buyout clause for $300,000 for the final year, meaning the Red Sox could jettison Barrett by paying him that amount during the off-season instead of the full $1.25 million the contract called for if Barrett started the third season in a Boston uniform. After Barrett's injury, Shapiro argued, the Red Sox would have been happy to get another year or two out of him, until Reed could take over.

Pappas's defense was that he *did* inform Barrett of the ACL tear but that the knee was stable enough, even after losing most of the ACL, to rule out the need for reconstructive surgery and a lengthy rehabilitation. Instead, Pappas testified, he counseled a more conservative course of treatment, one that would rely primarily on a brace to stabilize the knee if necessary and prevent further injury. Under Shapiro's withering cross-examination, however, Pappas said he had no notes of any conversation along those lines. In fact, he could not even recall the specific conversation in which he told Barrett about the extent of his injury.

After his surgery Barrett did come back to play the final two months of the 1989 season. But in a meaningless late-September game, with Boston out of the race, he slid hard into second base, trying to break up a double play. Again, he felt pain in his knee. This time, however, when Barrett visited Pappas, the physician told him he wouldn't be able to do another arthroscopic procedure for several weeks; his schedule was too tight. "You probably tore some more cartilage," Barrett testified that Pappas told him. So instead, Barrett sought out John Richard Steadman, a well-known sports orthopedic surgeon, who quickly diagnosed the injury as an ACL tear. When he operated, in October 1989, Steadman discovered that Barrett, as Steadman later stated in his deposition, "had no functional ACL." It had been removed by Pappas. Barrett was stunned.

But the most damning testimony at the trial came from neither doctors nor principals. It came from former Red Sox manager Joe Morgan, who was on the stand for no more than an hour on the trial's third day. Morgan testified that Pappas came into his office in late July 1989—after Barrett had been sent to the club's minor league team in Pawtucket for rehab—and said, "Marty says he's ready to play." Then, added Morgan, "Dr. Pappas said to me that by the condition of his knee, he would not have a long career."

After Morgan's testimony, there wasn't much doubt as to how this trial was going to turn out. Over the course of the next few days, Pappas and his wife, Martha, who sat by her husband's side throughout the trial, became increasingly close-mouthed and stoic, while Barrett grew increasingly upbeat and animated.



Doctor-owner Pappas has a clear conflict.

DAVID L. RYAN/BOSTON GLOBE

The doctor never told Barrett how gravely he had been hurt. In fact, Pappas had removed his ACL.

Pappas's attorney spent just 2½ days presenting a somewhat desultory defense—a defense that largely consisted of downplaying Barrett's abilities as a ballplayer, the implicit point being that Barrett's career had already begun to go downhill even before his injury.

When Pappas took the stand to defend himself, he continued to insist that he had told Barrett the whole truth about his injury—even if he hadn't announced it to the press—and that it was Barrett who had failed to follow his advice to wear a brace. When Shapiro began his cross-examination, one could almost see Pappas's defense evaporating into thin air. Before it was over Pappas had been forced to concede that, yes, it was possible that he had failed to tell Barrett that he had torn his ACL.

And then, late on the afternoon of Oct. 25, after deliberating for less than four hours, the jury came back with its verdict. It awarded Barrett $1.7 million, all of it in lost wages. It wasn't the $4 million Barrett had asked for, but it was a victory nonetheless. In the courtroom as the verdict was read, Barrett began crying, wiping away tears of joy and gratitude. The Pappases simply stared off into space, their expressions never changing.

Afterward, with a few reporters crowded around them, Shapiro and Barrett made their victory speeches. "At a minimum," Shapiro said, "the Red Sox need to evaluate Dr. Pappas's role with the team." Barrett added, "I think this verdict is a step in the right direction regarding team doctors and their conflicts of interest."

Two days later, Pappas told the *Boston Herald* that he had no intention of letting go of either his position as team owner or as team doctor. "No, I'm not going to change," he said. "I see no reason to change anything nor does anyone else see any reason to change it." ■

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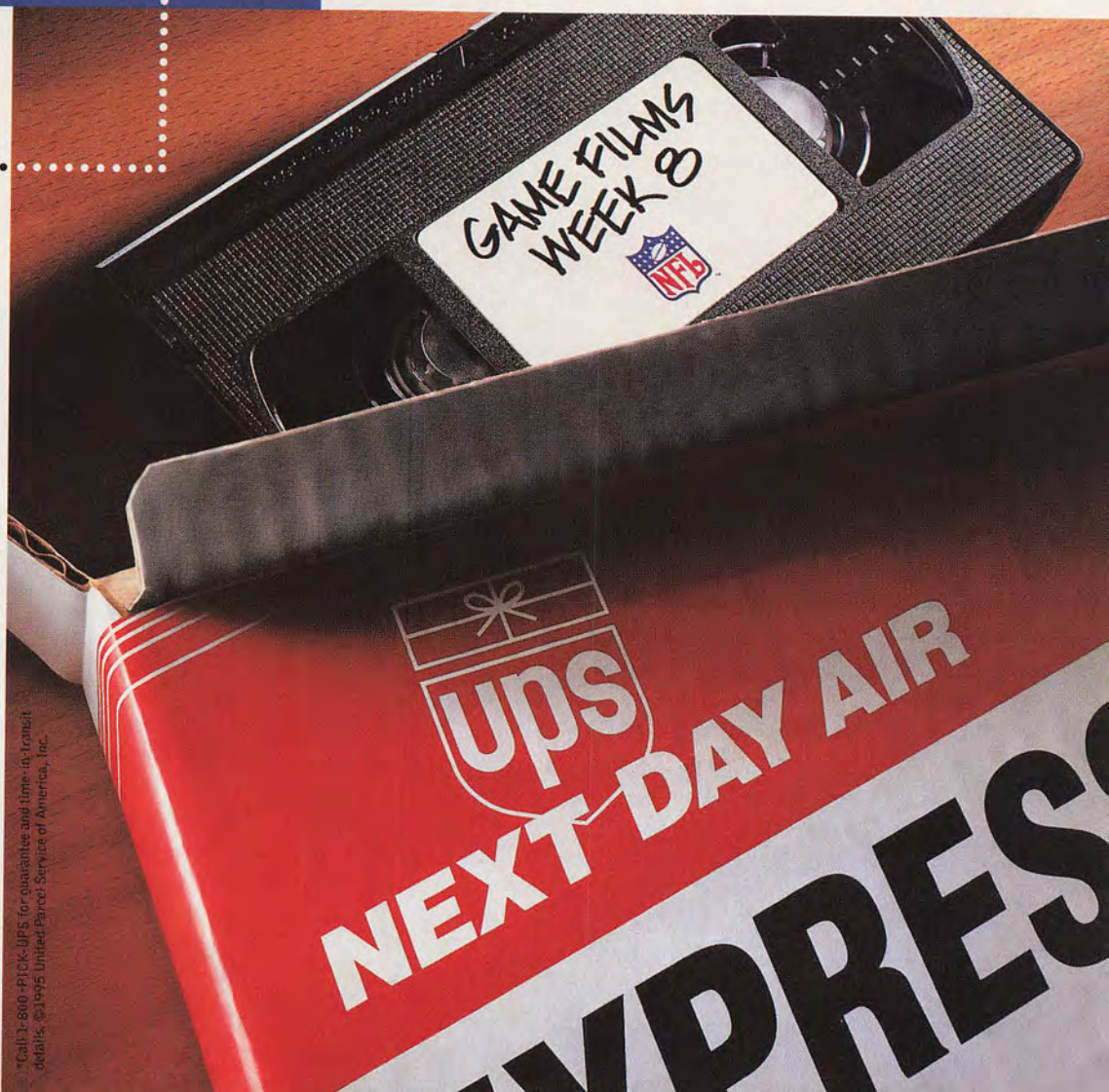

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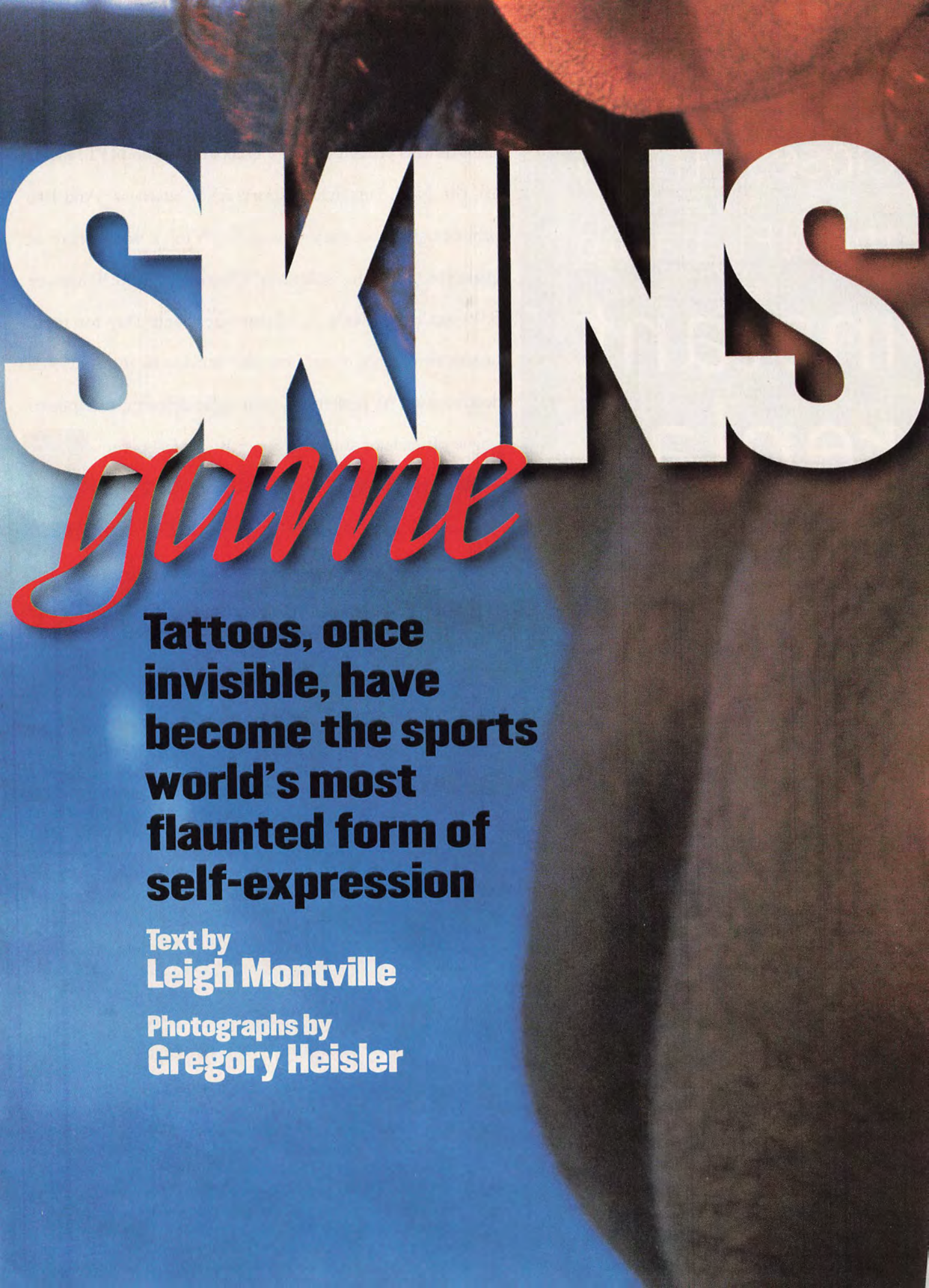


SKINS *game*

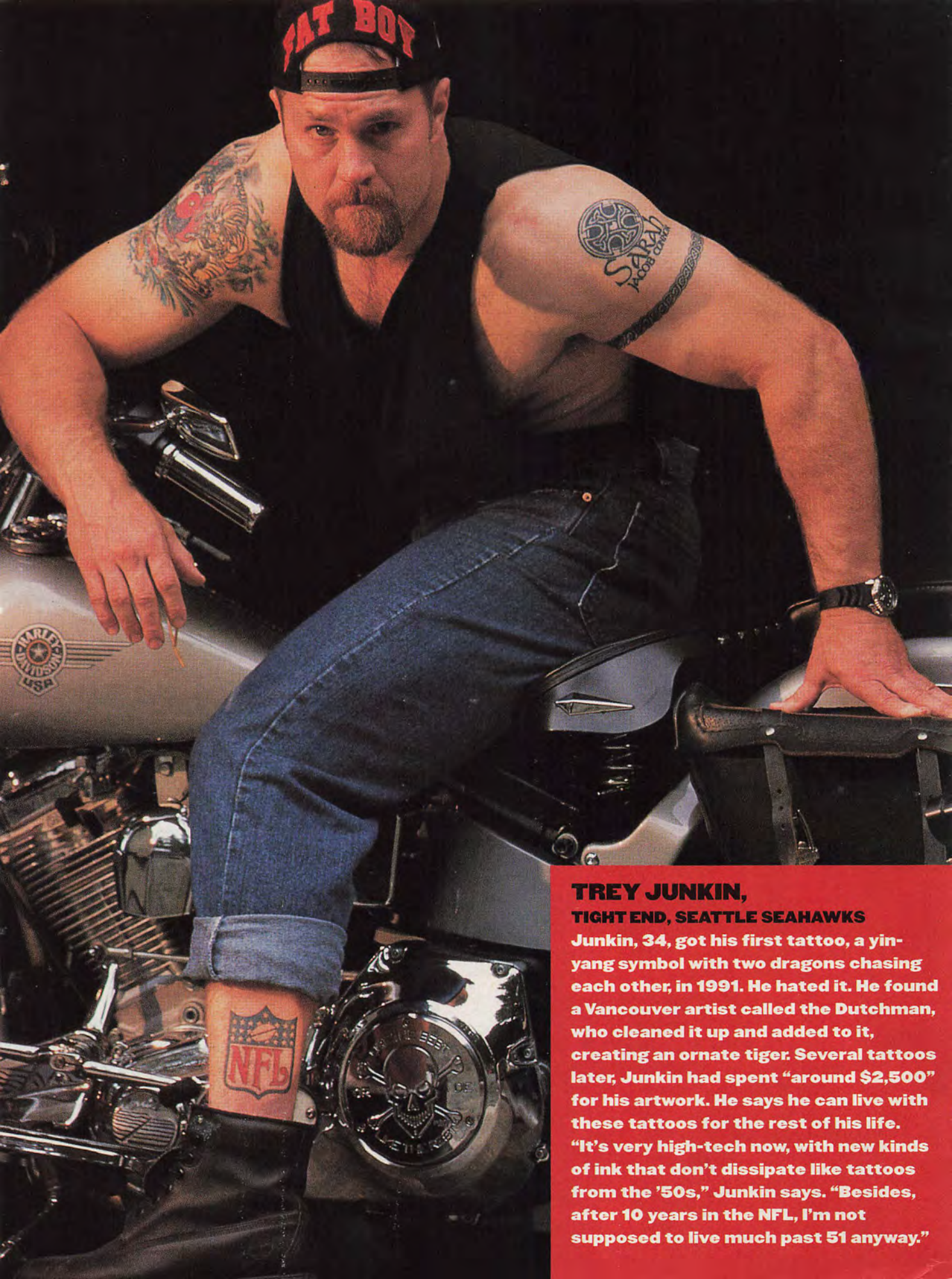
Tattoos, once invisible, have become the sports world's most flaunted form of self-expression

Text by
Leigh Montville

Photographs by
Gregory Heisler

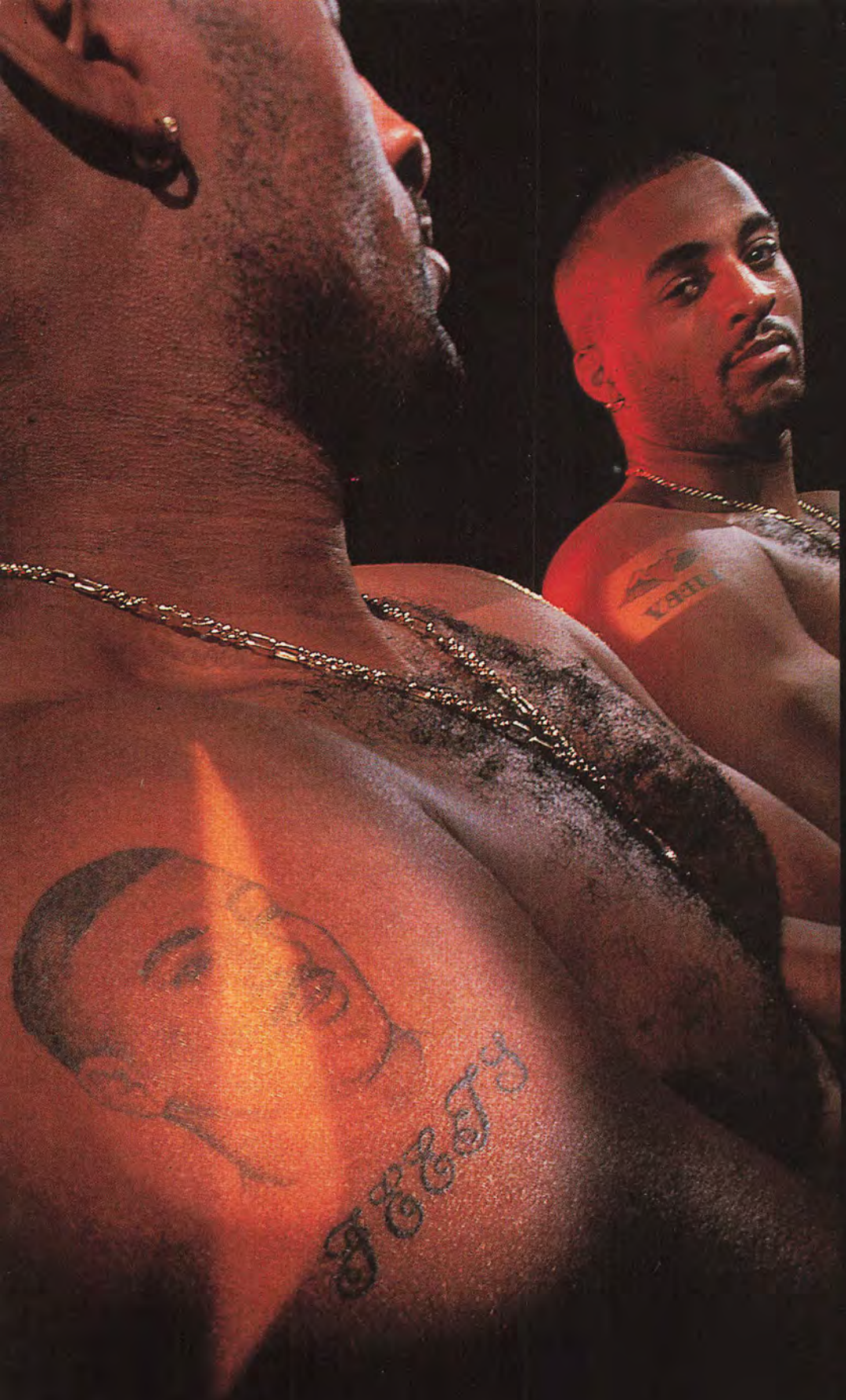
MIKE PELUSO, LEFT WING, NEW JERSEY DEVILS

"There were a bunch of guys, after we won the Stanley Cup, who said they were going to have the Cup tattooed on their bodies," says Peluso, 29. "Everyone else backed out." For good measure he added the IHL's Turner Cup (right), which he won with the Indianapolis Ice in 1990.



TREY JUNKIN,
TIGHT END, SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

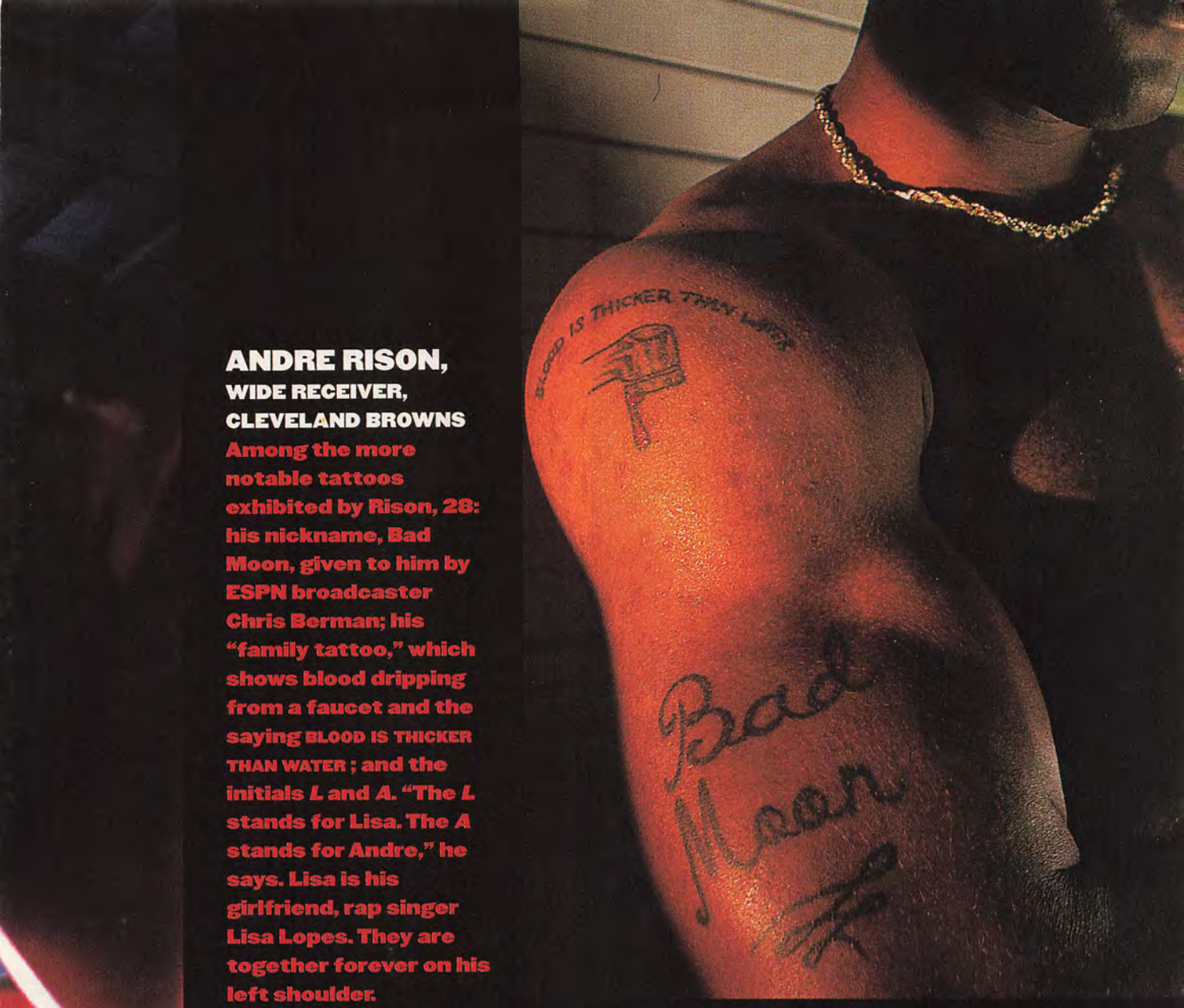
Junkin, 34, got his first tattoo, a yin-yang symbol with two dragons chasing each other, in 1991. He hated it. He found a Vancouver artist called the Dutchman, who cleaned it up and added to it, creating an ornate tiger. Several tattoos later, Junkin had spent "around $2,500" for his artwork. He says he can live with these tattoos for the rest of his life. "It's very high-tech now, with new kinds of ink that don't dissipate like tattoos from the '50s," Junkin says. "Besides, after 10 years in the NFL, I'm not supposed to live much past 51 anyway."



DENNIS SCOTT,
FORWARD,
ORLANDO MAGIC

"I was never big on tattoos until my father passed, three years ago in March," Scott, 27, says. "I wanted some way to honor him." A year later, in Maui, he had a picture of his father, Dennis Sr., and his father's nickname, Feets, tattooed on his arm. "I came home and my mother thought it was beautiful," says Scott. "Then I went out and had a heart and her nickname, Libby, put on my other arm." Scott says the pictures are a source of power. He felt during the playoffs that he was playing with "the strength of three people."

R1

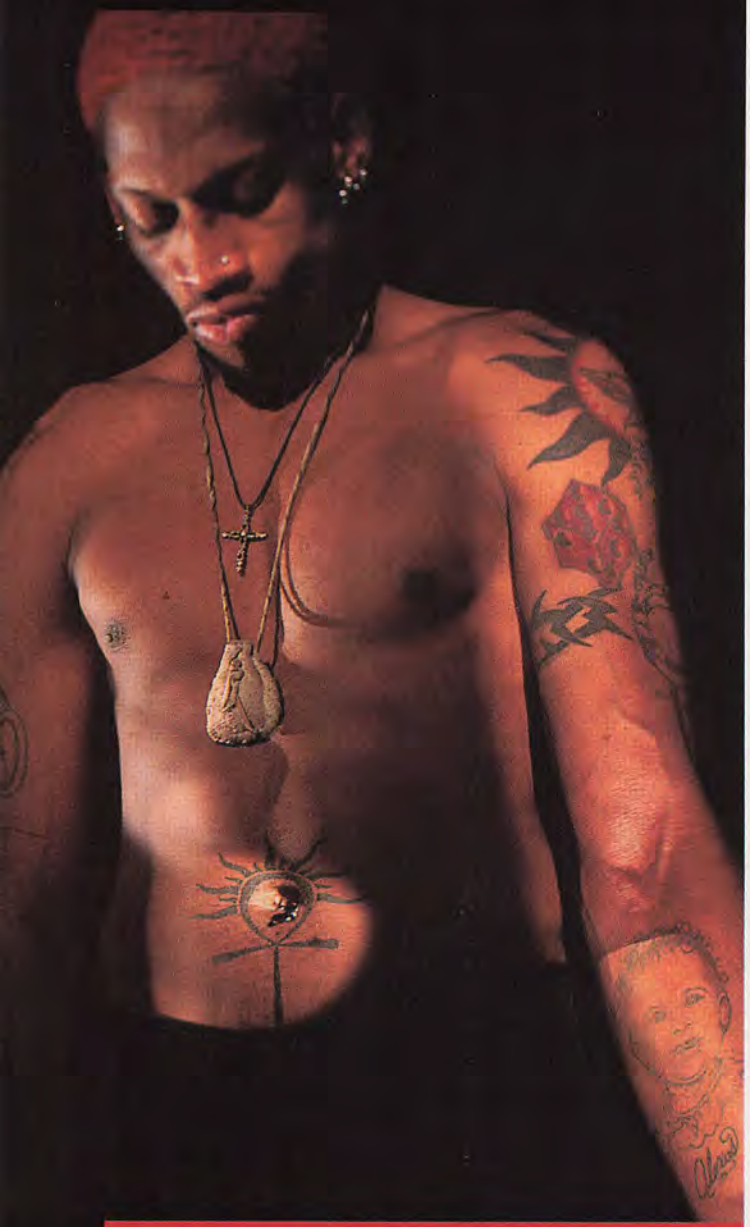


ANDRE RISON,
WIDE RECEIVER,
CLEVELAND BROWNS
Among the more notable tattoos exhibited by Rison, 28: his nickname, Bad Moon, given to him by ESPN broadcaster Chris Berman; his "family tattoo," which shows blood dripping from a faucet and the saying BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER; and the initials *L* and *A*. "The *L* stands for Lisa. The *A* stands for Andre," he says. Lisa is his girlfriend, rap singer Lisa Lopes. They are together forever on his left shoulder.

SKINS *game*

STEVE EVERITT, CENTER, CLEVELAND BROWNS
"We all got tattoos together, the entire offensive line," says Everitt, 25. He was a fine arts major at the University of Michigan. His taste runs toward medieval art, filled with skulls and blood and a sense of foreboding. The tattoo in question is a dagger with a skull, running along his spine. He doesn't hide it from the rest of the world, even as the weather becomes colder. The stares don't bother him. He would have ordered something along the same lines while in college if not for the fearsome on-campus presence of then athletic director Bo Schembechler. "Even now, says Everitt, "I wouldn't want him to see this tattoo."

SKINS *game*



DENNIS RODMAN,
FORWARD, CHICAGO BULLS
"When I started, there was almost no one in the NBA with tattoos," Rodman, 34, says. "People told me, 'You won't be allowed to have a tattoo in the NBA.' Well, how many tattoos are in the NBA now?" For starters, there are 11 on his body alone. Rodman says he might cover one arm completely, or have a tattoo made in each NBA city, or try something new. Something new? "You'll see down the road," he says.

C.W. Eldridge watches his television set these days and searches for the smaller pictures inside the bigger pictures. He is the curator of the Tattoo Archive in Berkeley, Calif., and one of his goals is to keep an up-to-date file on all the tattoos in sports. C.W. is a very busy man.

Every game, every athletic event, is a sort of Where's Waldo puzzle. If a leg sticks out from a pileup at the line of scrimmage and C.W. notices a panther crawling down the calf, he writes down the player's name and number. If an All-Star forward stands at the foul line and C.W. can see the word PIP written across the biceps, he follows the same process. Name and number. If the foremost boxer on the planet unloads an uppercut and . . . was that a picture of Mao Tse-tung that suddenly went flying past? Name. No number.

The task sometimes seems almost impossible. Tattoos suddenly are everywhere in sports. "There's never been a time like this in our country's history," says C.W., a man who is tattooed from head to toe. "Not in sports. Not in society. We're going through an incredible tattoo renaissance. Not even during World War II, when soldiers were getting tattoos for luck before they left home, was there anything like this. Never has there been such a broad movement for body decoration across such a cross-section of society."

Nowhere is the movement more visible than on the playing fields and in the arenas of the land. Who has a tattoo? Who *doesn't*? Former heavyweight champion Mike Tyson has the picture of Mao on one arm and a picture of Arthur Ashe on the other. Orlando Magic center Shaquille O'Neal has a Superman logo on one arm and TWISM on the other, which stands for The World Is Mine. Jerry Rice has a tattoo. David Justice. Riddick Bowe. Doug Gilmour. Nike CEO Phil Knight. Dennis Rodman!!!! Rodman seems to have the contents of the Louvre tattooed across his body.

Ten years ago, maybe a boxer or a professional wrestler could be seen with a tattoo, but virtually nobody else. Now, wide receivers and relief pitchers and hockey defensemen can look like Maori warriors, lifer supply sergeants, Hell's Angels or Lemmy, the singer from Motorhead. "Athletes are getting tattooed, but everyone's getting tattooed these days," artist Gill Montie of Tattoo Mania in Hollywood says. "The entire business has changed. It's not a bad-guy thing to have a tattoo anymore. It's like dyeing your hair. People are putting their inside on their outside. It's always been said that tattoos are where the elite meets the underworld. Well, athletes are part of the elite."

"Tattoos go back thousands of years," tattoo legend Lyle Tuttle of San Francisco says. "Marking his own body might have been one of man's first conscious decisions. Chasing an animal down for food, making fire, building shelter, those were things he had to do by instinct. Marking his body was something he wanted to do.

"Tattoos have always been sort of a blue-collar item in our society," Tuttle adds. "Why that's changed, I don't know. I guess it's just a crazy world we live in."

Each tattoo is a personal, irrevocable, lifetime commitment. Each tattoo is a story. C.W. says most of the tattoos he applies these days are custom works to people with their own images of what they want on their bodies. He, too, is not sure what has happened—MTV? A simple trend? What?—but says he is delighted that a lot of those new, tattooed bodies finally play sports.

"These people are certainly visible," he says. "Their tattoos are visible. You can see the arms, the legs, the shoulders, in a lot of sports. Fans, kids, see their heroes with tattoos and they want 'em too."

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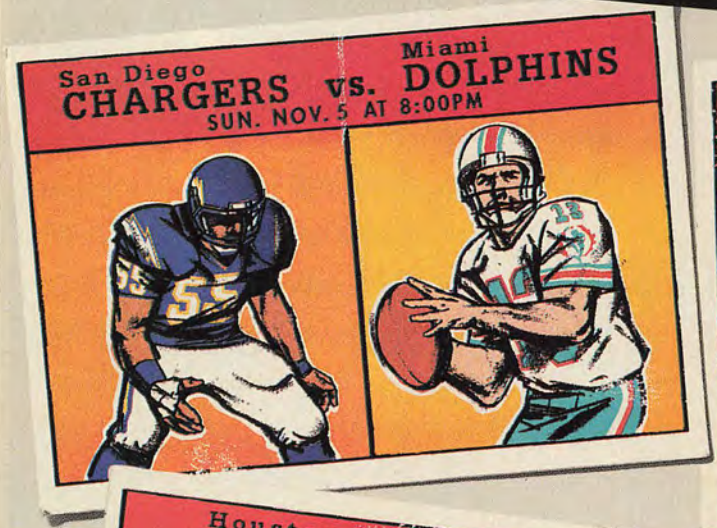
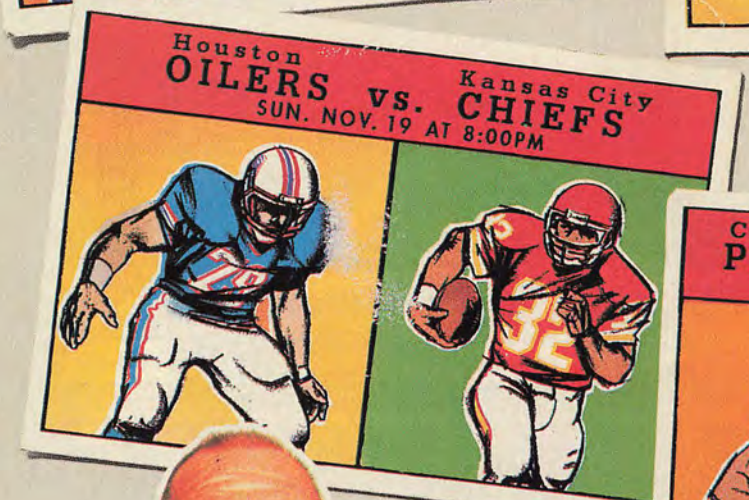
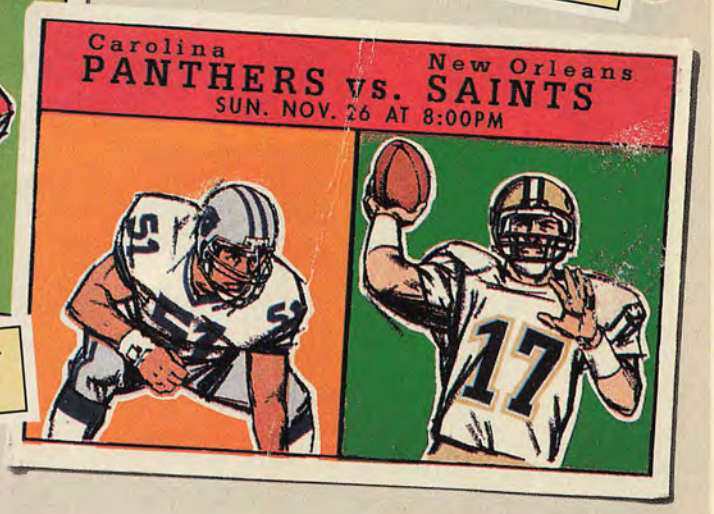
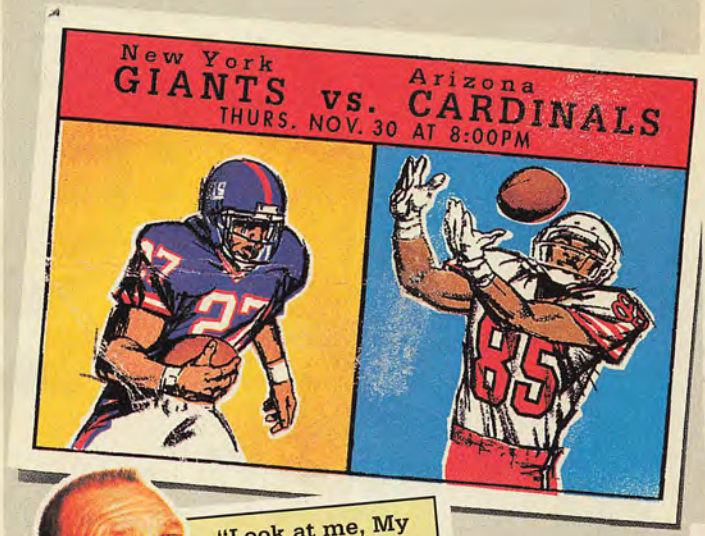


"You're gonna wanna get some extra bologna for this one!"

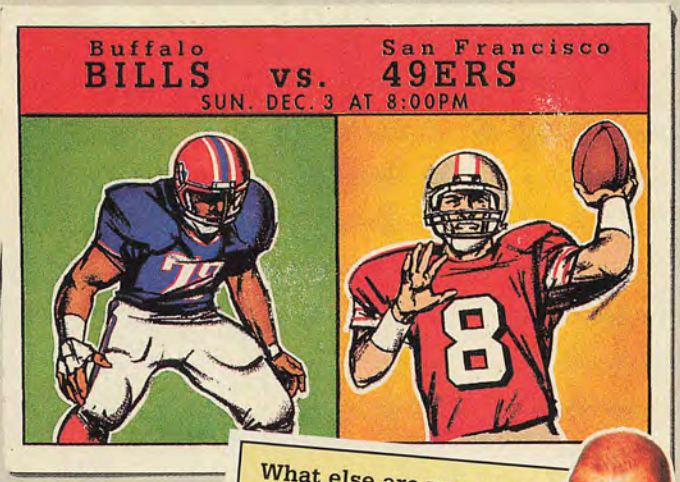


"Carolina Panthers? Boy am I getting old."

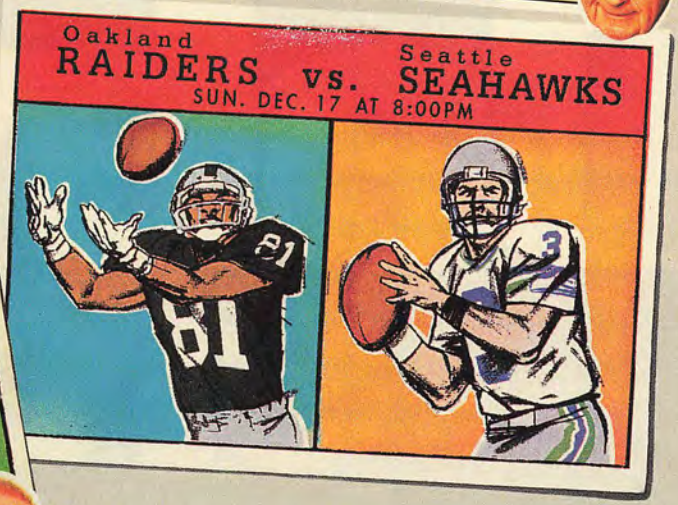


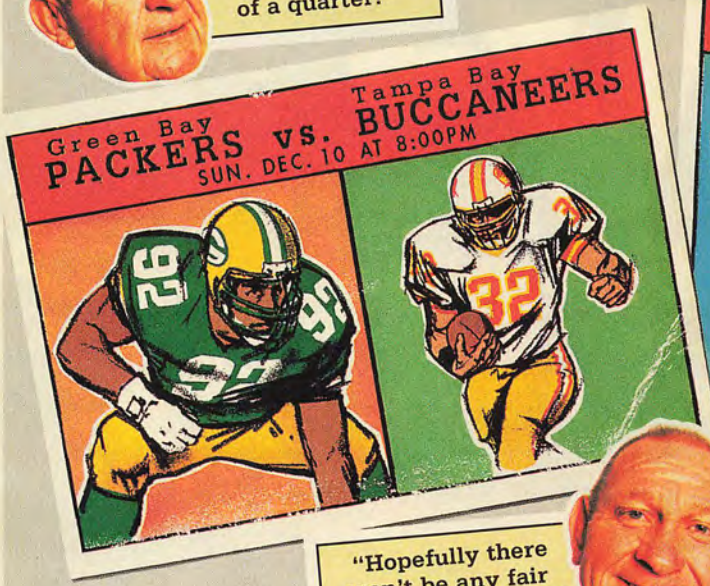


"Look at me, My head's the size of a quarter!"

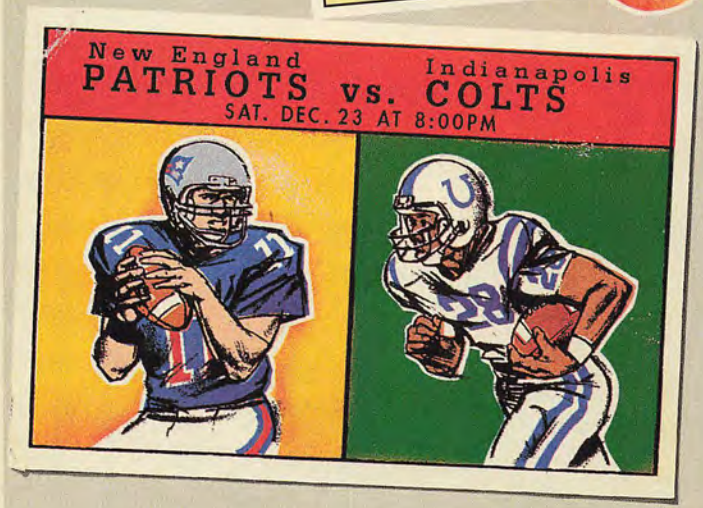


What else are you gonna watch, "Sixty Minutes?"





"Hopefully there won't be any fair catches in this one."



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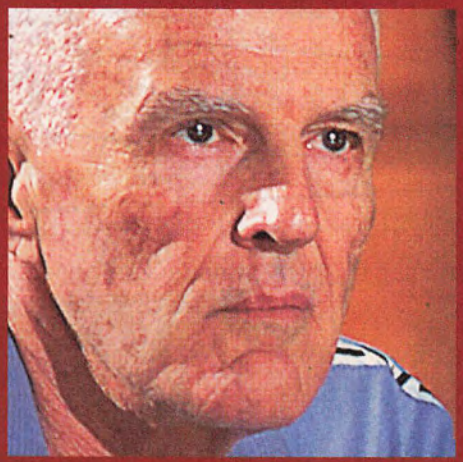
"This Isn't Baby-sitting"

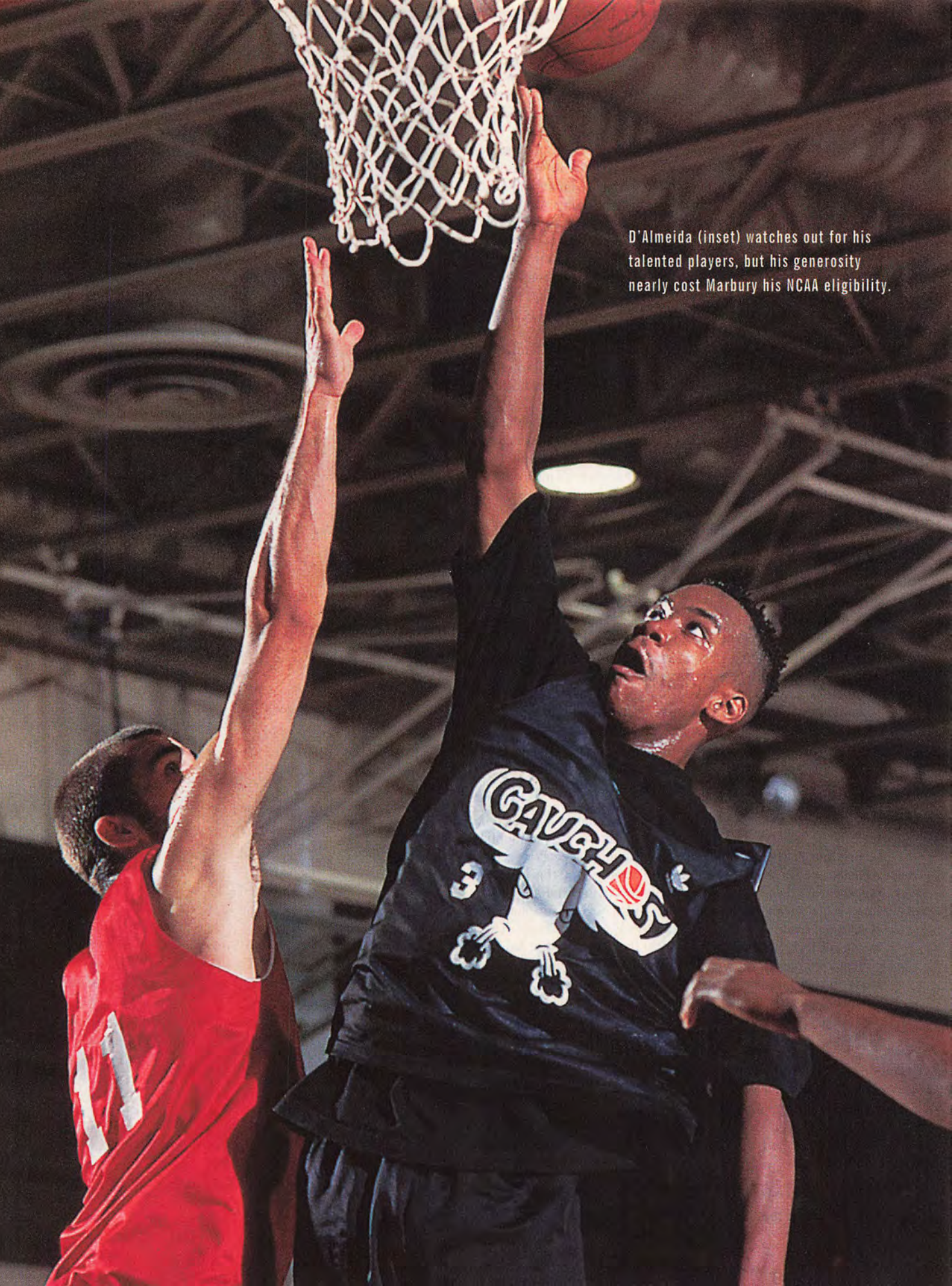
No, what the mysterious Lou d'Almeida does in his quest to be the king of amateur basketball is a lot more controversial than that



BEN VAN HOOK (2)

BY JOHNETTE HOWARD

Special reporting by Julian Rubinstein



D'Almeida (inset) watches out for his talented players, but his generosity nearly cost Marbury his NCAA eligibility.

His face clouds over. His tongue turns sharp. It is nearly midnight, and Lou d'Almeida, the founder of the barnstorming New York City Gauchos prep basketball team, suddenly seems nothing like the softhearted multimillionaire philanthropist he claims to be. He is eating a postgame dinner in a Denny's restaurant that hugs a freeway in Jacksonville, and as he stabs at his catfish fillet with his fork, he muses about criticism of his program. Such as published reports that he jeopardized the NCAA eligibility of Georgia Tech's star recruit, Stephon Marbury, by giving him a car earlier this year. "The NCAA is so ridiculous, it's mind-boggling," D'Almeida fumes. And the other detractors who claim altruism is the least of his motives? "Lowlifes," D'Almeida says. "There was a time when it bothered me. Right, Fred?"

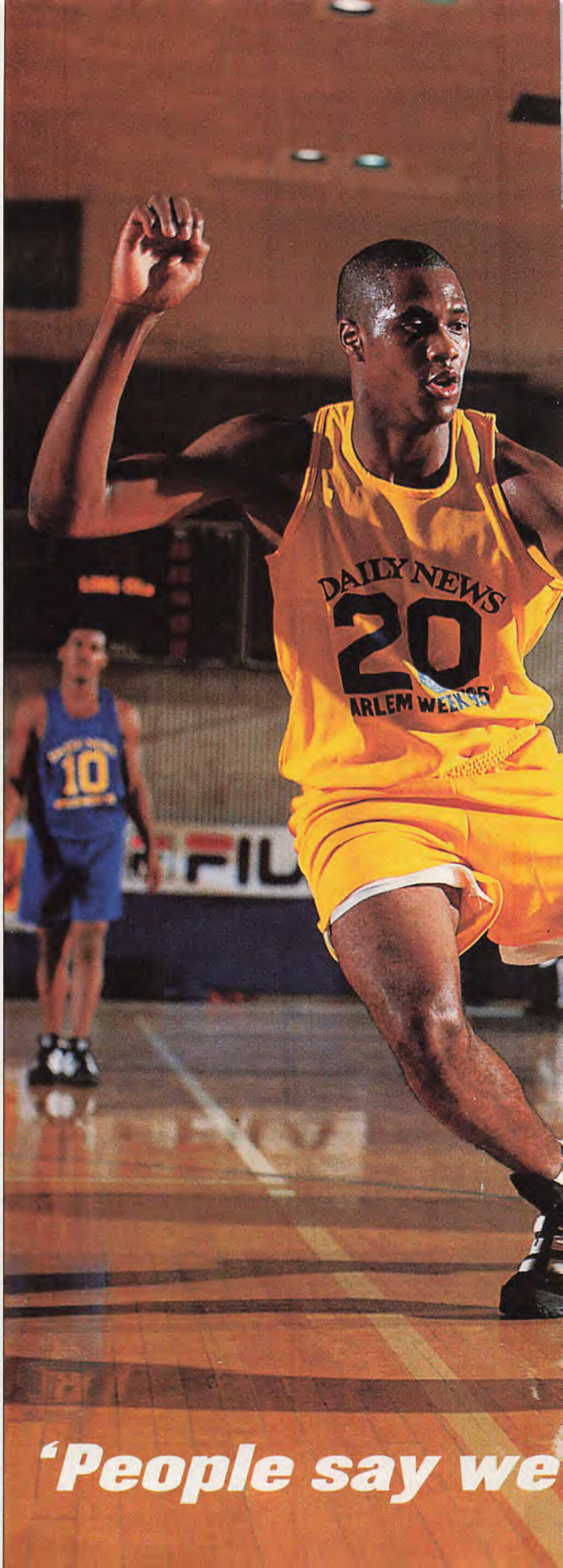
Gaucho coach Fred Neal, who is seated next to D'Almeida, nods and says, "People might say we prostitute kids, but the colleges are doing the same thing. The NCAA knows what's going on. Once in a while they try to clean up the mess. But when it's involving millions of dollars that the universities are making and the NCAA is making, they're really not going to punish anybody."

So frontier justice and money rules. Or at least it rules at the very top of the so-called "summer" basketball tour, a circuit that actually lasts from April to September. The tour grew in importance in direct response to some college recruiting rules changes—the 1982 creation of the November early-signing period, and recent NCAA rules that limit college coaches' access to high school players to two scouting visits during the school year. Before the latter changes, recruiters watched kids play during the high school season and wooed the players' prep coaches almost as much as they wooed the kids and their parents. Now college recruiters do most of their scouting during the three-week evaluation window permitted each July. The shift in emphasis has forced college coaches to deal directly with a new group of power brokers: private-team operators like D'Almeida who are regulated by no one, work for no one and are seemingly free to cut deals with prep stars as they please.

Since the players now must play in the summer leagues to be seen by the largest number of college recruiters, the summer basketball tour has become big business. Sixty-nine events clogged the college coaches' 23-day summer evaluation period this year. The biggest attractions were two tournaments held simultaneously in Las Vegas during the last week of July: Nike's National Prep Basketball Championship and Adidas's Big Time Classic. Those events, at separate gyms not far from the Strip, drew at least 400 college coaches to watch 259 teams and more than 2,000 players from 30 states and four foreign countries.

On the way to making his Gauchos the most-renowned traveling team on the summer tour, D'Almeida has featured a Who's Who of recent New York City basketball stars: eventual NBA players such as Albert King, Chris Mullin, Mark Jackson, John Salley, Rod Strickland, Lloyd Daniels, Kenny Anderson and Jamal Mashburn, and the top-ranked recruits in the nation the past two years—Felipe Lopez (now a sophomore at St. John's) and Marbury.

D'Almeida founded the Gaucho organization 28 years ago, and since then it has grown into what he calls a "recreation and edu-



MANNY MILLAN

Ramel Lloyd (22) was the only New Yorker starting for the Gauchos when they won the New York City club championship.

'People say we

prostitute kids, but so do colleges.'

D'Almeida and others routinely import out-of-state talent.

cational program" providing league play and, in some cases, tutoring to about 500 boys between the ages of eight and 19 in New York City. The program is run by a nonprofit corporation called Teamwork Foundation, Inc., and it has an operating budget approaching a half-million dollars a year. No player is cut until he reaches the 13-and-over divisions, tryouts for which annually draw about 2,000 boys.

D'Almeida says the Gauchos spend about $100,000 a year on tuition for the 20 to 30 players he sends to various private schools. He is frank about other handouts he bestows: SAT and ACT tutoring help; meals, clothing and money for transportation to practice. He has supplied players with legal help, bailed them out of jail, paid their families' overdue utility bills. He has found jobs for players' relatives and helped former players start businesses. Marbury's mother, Mabel, has traveled with the Gauchos gratis to the Bahamas and Florida. D'Almeida says he does all of this out of the goodness of his heart.

"With a lot of these kids, every day is a fight for survival," he says. "Maybe the mother's an alcoholic, maybe the father's a drunk, a dope addict. [The program] means so much to the kids. At least they belong to something. They are Gauchos. It's a badge of honor. It's a little shred of hope."

Over time, D'Almeida's extravagances have become legendary. In 1986 he finished building the Gauchos' $2.5 million gym in a converted warehouse amid the devastation of the South Bronx. He has taken his teams on trips to Israel, France and Hawaii. Along the way he has picked up endorsements from a long list of respected civic and corporate leaders. (As part of a 1986 civil lawsuit arising out of a real estate dispute, D'Almeida filed a 200-plus page brief that included testimonials to his basketball program from respected figures such as former New York governor Hugh Carey.)

Yet people still hotly debate whether D'Almeida is a sinner or a saint. NCAA investigators took a month to say they wouldn't punish Marbury for accepting the use of a 1987 Acura Legend belonging to D'Almeida, because D'Almeida had a longstanding relationship with the player's family. By the time the Gauchos' stay in Vegas concluded in July, the coach of a rival club, Brooklyn USA, had run to reporters and falsely accused Gaucho supporters of "kidnapping" two of his players. Less than two weeks later, a disgruntled former player and tutor for the Gauchos smeared D'Almeida in faxes sent to two members of the Gaucho board of directors, and he later claimed to have enough dirt on D'Almeida to land a million-dollar book advance.

Wearily, D'Almeida says, "People have no idea what goes into this."

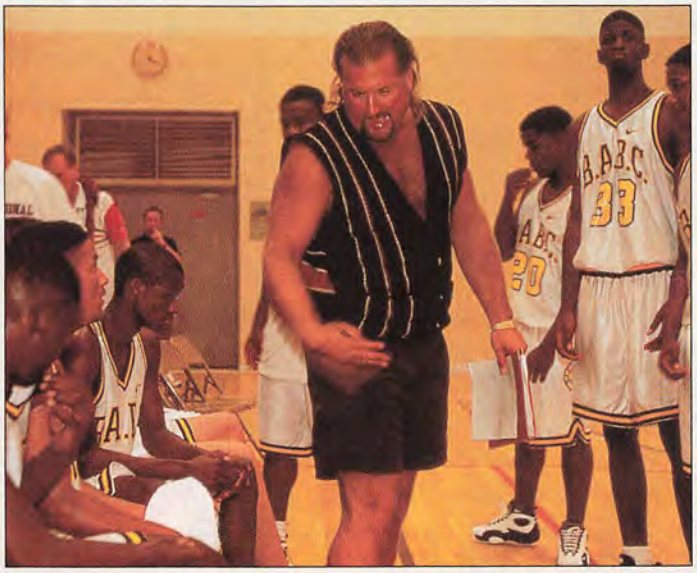
No, they don't.

Most of the top touring teams, such as the Gauchos, cut six-figure deals with warring sneaker companies like Nike and Adidas. Then many of the clubs compete for players by dangling perks before them, such as travel, free sneakers and gear, under-the-table cash, jewelry and clothing.

The top clubs frequently raid the rosters of less lavishly funded programs, treating them as if they were farm teams. D'Almeida and other team directors also routinely "import" out-of-state talent for big tournaments, often after casing the players the competition has brought in. To win this year's Golden Hoops, the mid-August tournament that is the de facto club championship of New York City, the Gauchos' starting five included two players from Florida and one from Texas, plus a point guard who is a prep star in New Jersey.

The high-profile summer tournaments and camps all woo the same small cadre of teams and star players by waiving fees and offering all-expenses-paid trips to their attractive locations: Vegas, Southern California, Florida. Once there, the players find gym hallways clotted with agents' bird dogs and street hustlers who deliver kids to schools for a fee. "A lot of the time, the recruiting among [summer teams] is just as fierce as it is among colleges," says Kansas coach Roy Williams.

Nearly every large city now has a touring prep team. The Gauchos' 70-to-80-game annual schedule might sound daunting, but the Boston Amateur Basketball Club typically plays more than 100 games a year, roughly the same as a team that makes the NBA Finals. By the time BABC coach



WILLIAM R. SALLAZ/DUOMO (2)

Sicignano (left) couldn't keep track of his players in Vegas; Papile had his team on the road for a month.

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Leo Papile and his boys pulled into Vegas in July, they had been on the road a month.

If the BABC players are the summer's iron men, the Pump'N'Runs, a Southern California–based entry in Vegas, could have touted themselves as the tour's one-stop shopping program. Club operator David Pump of Northridge managed five youth camps this year and took two touring teams to Vegas. He has a sponsorship deal with Adidas, as do the Gauchos. Dana Pump, David's 28-year-old identical-twin brother and business partner, works as a consultant to sports agent Arn Tellem. "But, uh . . . if you could, keep Dana's name out of this high school stuff now," says David. Right. He works for an agent, and high school players who consort with agents could lose their college eligibility.

Says former Southern Cal coach George Raveling, "The summertime is the most-abused part of basketball competition. The new rules have legitimized a lot of people who don't have the kids' best interests at heart. Each summer you see more and more potential for abuse. And the only thing that will bring it to a head is a major scandal."

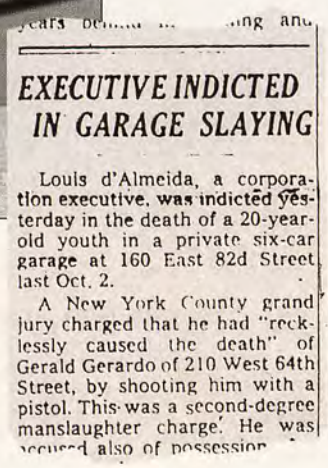
Kidnapping would qualify as a scandal, but it's a charge D'Almeida dismisses as "a complete joke." Tom (Ziggy) Sicignano, the coach of the Brooklyn USA team, accused the Gauchos of spiriting away one of his players, Allen Griffin, who disappeared from the team hotel in Las Vegas one night. Sicignano took back the charge within days, however. It turned out that Griffin had wandered across the street to the MGM Grand hotel and casino, where he ran into an old Brooklyn pal who's now in Mike Tyson's entourage. The man gave Griffin, an 11th-grader, an MGM room of his own for the night.

The question of where D'Almeida fits into this world elicits a variety of responses. He moves in New York's old-money, high-society crowd. Over the years he has counted among his friends showbiz types like Leonard Bernstein, the late composer and conductor, and some of the leading CEOs in U.S. industry: Edgar Bronfman Jr. of Seagram Co. and Jonathan Tisch of Loews Hotels.

One former Gaucho fondly calls D'Almeida the "Santa Claus of the Bronx." But critics, including some former players, say that D'Almeida has a win-at-all-costs mentality; that he is obsessed with outdoing his crosstown rival, Ernie Lorch of the Riverside Hawks; and that he commits sundry transgressions, starting with paying kids to play, a charge he denies. And even in summer basketball, a milieu glutted with questionable characters, D'Almeida is distinguished by a little-known episode in his past.

BALL STATE UNIVERSITY

Gerardo, a recipient of D'Almeida's largesse, was 20 years old when D'Almeida shot and killed him.



EXECUTIVE INDICTED IN GARAGE SLAYING

Louis d'Almeida, a corporation executive, was indicted yesterday in the death of a 20-year-old youth in a private six-car garage at 160 East 82d Street last Oct. 2.

A New York County grand jury charged that he had "recklessly caused the death" of Gerald Gerardo of 210 West 64th Street, by shooting him with a pistol. This was a second-degree manslaughter charge. He was accused also of possession

THE NEW YORK TIMES

In 1971, D'Almeida pleaded guilty to a charge of criminally negligent homicide and was sentenced to five years' probation for the 1969 shooting death of Gerald Gerardo, 20, a former New York City club champion diver who frequented the same Manhattan YMCA as D'Almeida. In a plea agreement, assistant district attorney Gino Gallina had knocked down the charge from second-degree manslaughter and promised that his office would recommend probation in exchange for D'Almeida's cooperation in an ongoing investigation of organized crime. Shortly after that deal was struck, Gallina went into private practice—as a lawyer for the mob, according to informant Martin Light's 1986 testimony before the President's Commission on Organized Crime. In 1977 Gallina was walking down a street in Greenwich Village when he was gunned down in what police described as a gangland slaying.

Over the years D'Almeida has given two different explanations for what happened the night Gerardo was fatally wounded in a private parking garage on East 82nd Street in Manhattan. According to congressional testimony and newspaper reports, D'Almeida told police that after a "quarrel" with Gerardo, D'Almeida tried to commit suicide with his unregistered .45-caliber revolver. Gerardo attempted to wrest away the gun, D'Almeida said, and it went off, shooting Gerardo once in the chest. But in an affidavit filed in the '86 civil suit over a real estate deal, D'Almeida said it was Gerardo who tried to commit suicide that night.

Asked now about the two different versions, D'Almeida says, "I tried to prevent this kid from, you know, killing himself. . . . It's a clearly crushing thing. Since I was the only person who was a witness, I had to testify. But obviously I wasn't involved."

Glen Whitten, Gerardo's club diving coach for five years, emphatically disagrees. "No

Lou d'Almeida

D'Almeida now says that Gerardo tried to kill himself.

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With D'Almeida, it's always hard to tell if things are quite what they seem.

way." Whitten, a retired dentist and a 1956 U.S. Olympic diver, says Gallina questioned him about Gerardo and D'Almeida after the shooting, and Whitten himself kept close tabs on the investigation throughout. He adds, "I think I know as much about the case as anybody."

When Gerardo was 15 or 16, says Whitten, D'Almeida befriended him. D'Almeida picked up Gerardo after diving workouts, treated him to dinners, took him on at least one trip, to Arizona. By the time Gerardo left for his freshman year at Ball State in Indiana, according to Whitten, D'Almeida was also trying to help him launch a modeling career. "I saw the photographs," Whitten says. (D'Almeida denies that he was helping to get Gerardo into the modeling business and says only that he helped get him a job at NBC.)

The last time Whitten and Gerardo spoke was at a diving workout two or three nights before the shooting. "Gerry told me he and Lou had some kind of fight," Whitten says. "I know Gerry had some things, clothes, over at Lou's house, and he had taken them out that day, or the day before [he was shot]."

Pressed a second time for an explanation of the discrepancy between his two versions of the story, D'Almeida repeats, "He ended up killing himself.... That's what I'm telling you. It hurts me to talk about it now. It's over. You do go on with your life."

With D'Almeida, it's always hard to tell if appearances are quite what they seem. He is Yale-educated and is conversant in four languages. Now 61 and a lifelong bachelor, he has resided in the same penthouse apartment on West 57th Street much of his adult life. He was born in Paris but raised in Buenos Aires until age 14, when his father, Baron Antonio D'Almeida of Portugal, died suddenly at age 47 from a cerebral hemorrhage. D'Almeida's mother promptly moved to New York with Lou and his two brothers. Within two years she had opened a boutique and married Paul Felix Warburg, a prominent U.S. diplomat and investment banker.

Yet gilt-edged as D'Almeida's background is, and as busy as he is managing his real estate interests, he has never just cut the checks for the Gauchos. During Gaucho road trips he can always be found staying in the same modestly priced motels or picking up the team's dinner bills.

D'Almeida did not play basketball. He says he fell into it by accident. In 1967 a friend asked D'Almeida to buy T-shirts for a 14-to-15-year-old boys' YMCA team. When the team's coach abruptly quit, D'Almeida agreed to fill in temporarily. "And I was hooked," he says.

Clearly, D'Almeida loves running the Gauchos and being part of the avaricious world of summer basketball: the roster wheeling and dealing, the Runyonesque dese-and-dose guys he meets on the tour, the ghetto kids who, he says, are grateful for his largesse but are "always looking to get over on me. The older they get, the more demanding they get. Just greedy and hateful."

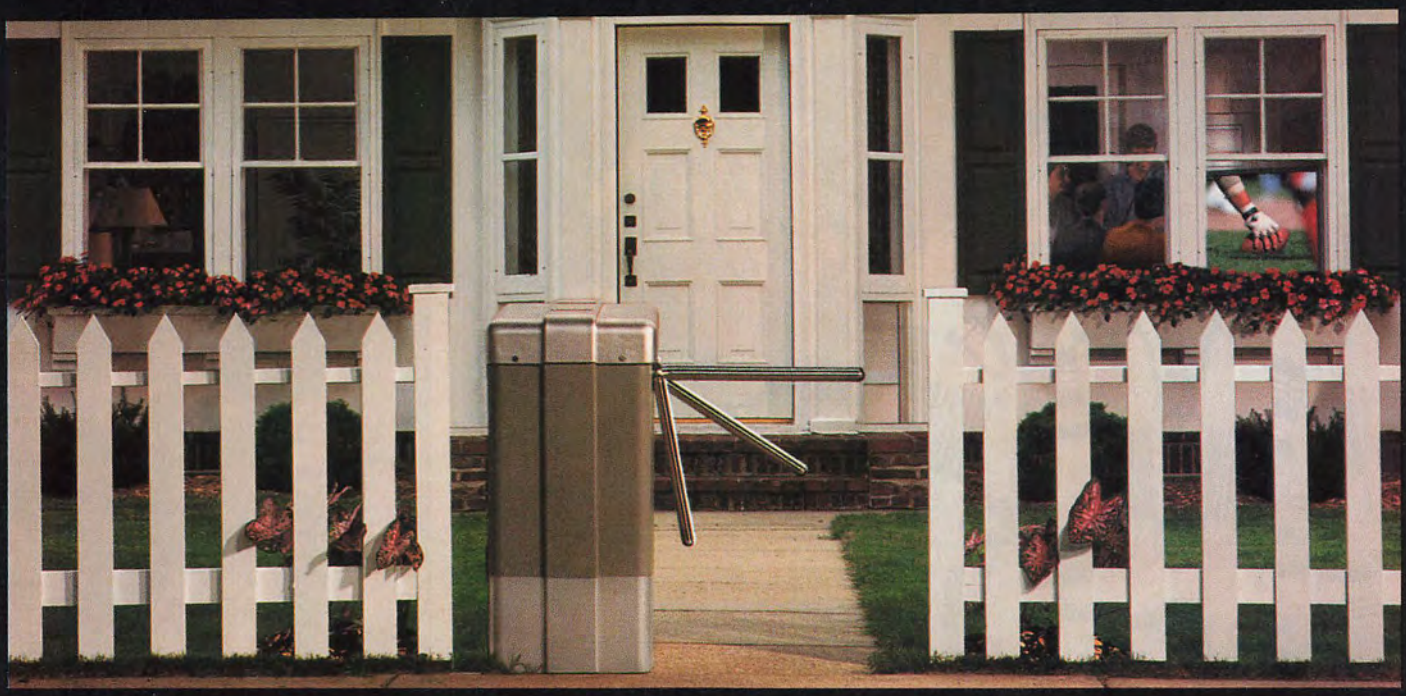
Nevertheless, D'Almeida denies that his extravagance has a corrupting influence on kids. Most of his teenage players come from the ramshackle apartment buildings, projects and welfare hotels of Brooklyn, Manhattan and the Bronx. D'Almeida fancies himself more than just a rogue or a benign benefactor. He is a self-

Lou d'Almeida

styled Robin Hood, helping the poor get some small share of the world's riches. And to D'Almeida, his is a *noble* war, one that can justify rule breaking. The line he keeps repeating feverishly is, "The need of these kids is *so* great."

But within seconds D'Almeida gives his detractors ammunition. He has a strong contempt for "bull—— bureaucracies," his umbrella term for irritants such as the NCAA and the New York State agency that suspended the Gauchos' status as a not-for-profit organization for eight months this year because they had failed to file financial reports in 1993 and '94.

In conversation he brags of having intimidated a city caseworker to help an ex-Gaucho whose wages were about to be garnished. D'Almeida delightedly tells of paying a pal to exempt the Gauchos' gym from borough parking regulations. ("He said, 'Looie, it's gonna cost ya $5,000, Looie,' " D'Almeida says. " 'Do ya got $5,000?' ") He boasts of "conning" a player into a Connecticut college by making an appointment with "this pipe-smoking university president" who balked until D'Almeida told him, "You know, you're going to look like a



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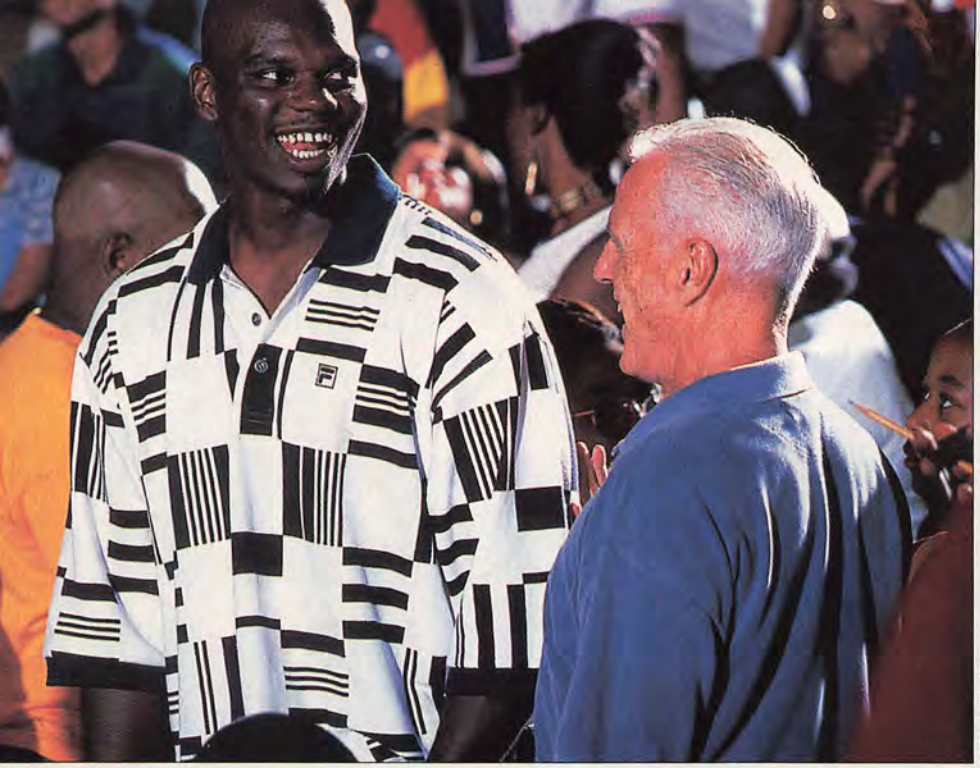
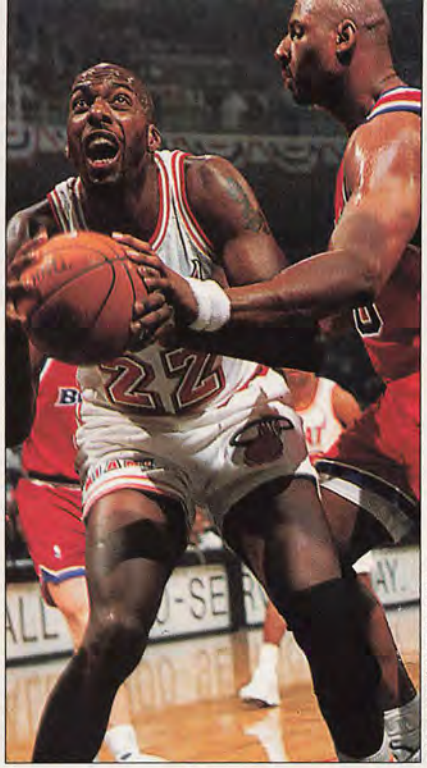


MANNY MILLAN



RICHARD LEWIS/NBA PHOTOS

RICHARD MACKSON

Many of New York's top players, including Mashburn (left), Salley (top) and Mullin, suited up for the Gauchos.

total ——. I can get this kid into Yale.

"Which was *total* bull!" D'Almeida says. "I never talked to anyone from Yale."

For all the valuable exposure and experience the top touring teams give their teenage players, there can be a damaging flip side to the tour, according to the high school and college coaches to whom the kids return each fall. Often the things that boys do to enhance their basketball careers actually have the opposite effect. Many players forsake their schoolwork and declare "majors" in athletics as early as the eighth grade—about the same time the street agents first start plying them with gifts and exaggerated promises. Coach after coach says summer teams don't teach skills or teamwork, but merely put kids on display. College coaches such as Michigan's Steve Fisher and UCLA assistant Lorenzo Romar say high schoolers who have received handouts don't just ask for payoffs as they

Lou d'Almeida

head to college: They feel *entitled* to them.

As Adidas's director of basketball, Sonny Vaccaro, explains it, "Somewhere along the line someone gives them the picture: Your college coach is making a million dollars from shoes, your school is making $10 million from television, the university got $30 million in bequeaths—and you've got nothing. You show me one great college player who's not driving somebody else's car this summer, and I'll show you one big fool. Or a guy who has no driver's license."

Already, Marbury mouths the modern player's mantra that "basketball is definitely a business. They use you. And you use them." And D'Almeida hardly seems chastened by their shared brush with the NCAA.

"The NCAA, NCAA, NCAA," D'Almeida bristles. "They came to see me. Guys with briefcases, short sleeves, ties. These kids have nothing, and the NCAA is running around trying to plug up every possible avenue that they have to get anything—*Oops! Where'd you get that $20?* Well, you *know* they're going to get it somewhere. If one of my guys calls and asks for a humanitarian-type thing, I'm going to help him. If you knew how much is going on defensively out here, where we have to say, 'Look, if we don't do it this way, we'll get a guy in trouble with the NCAA. . . .' So, you just do everything sub rosa. I mean, you know—cash."

D'Almeida has always helped mediocre players as well as future superstars. But it's undoubtedly the Gauchos' touring team that attracts the most flak.

Russell Smith, now 24, says he was part of the team on which D'Almeida lavished $1,000 rings for winning the 1987 Senior Boys 19-and-under AAU National Championship Tournament in Iowa. The rings never prompted an NCAA investigation. But D'Almeida *was* investigated for having paid Portland Trail Blazer guard Rod Strickland's tuition to a Virginia boarding school, and he was accused in published reports of giving former Syracuse star Dwayne (Pearl) Washington a motorcycle and of paying Lloyd Daniels to play for the Gauchos in the mid '80s. None of those charges ever stuck.

Still, most days that D'Almeida is at his gym or at New York City playgrounds, he flashes a roll of money—usually a few $100 bills wrapped around a thick wad of smaller bills. Players constantly ask him for handouts. Often D'Almeida will motion a kid to join him for a walk around the block or a closed-door meeting in his office on the second floor of the gym. D'Almeida readily admits to slipping players "$10 or $20 for transportation or whatever." But he denies longstanding charges that he pays $50 to $100 finder's fees to boys who deliver other top players. And he emphatically says, "I've never paid anybody to play in anything, *ever.*"

D'Almeida fancies himself a self-styled Robin Hood.

Nonetheless, players do seem to end up with D'Almeida's money. Bob Leckie, the coach at Bishop Loughlin High, says one of his players asked him in December 1992 to cash a $250 check from D'Almeida. "I said, 'What the hell did you have to do to get $250 from D'Almeida?' " Leckie recalls. "The kid said, 'Nothing. Lou just gave it to me so I could buy my parents Christmas presents.' "

But such charitable gestures often come with strings attached. Source after source—players, Gaucho parents, coaches and rival club operators—say D'Almeida does some good, but he also doesn't hesitate to call in chits or demand loyalty when it will help his program. "I want to be the best," D'Almeida admits. "This isn't babysitting."

No, it's not. Pipette-thin Ernest Brown, a 6' 9" sophomore from St. Raymond's High in the Bronx, injured his shoulder in an early-round game in Las Vegas, ignored a trainer's advice to rest the shoulder and separated it the next night—earning himself a date on the operating table. But Brown barely had time to ice the injury that night before D'Almeida put out a long-distance call for Issiah Epps, a 6' 9" South Carolinian who arrived in Vegas the next day.

Several New York City high school coaches, including Leckie and Gary Decesare of St. Raymond's, say they've had players whose tuition went unpaid by the Gauchos because the kids failed to show up at club games or played for other club teams. Decesare and others, including one former Gaucho tutor, are among those who challenge D'Almeida's claim that the program improves his kids' academic performances. "I've gone down there and told the Gauchos, 'This kid's failing two or three subjects, and he's out here being made a star when he can't play for his high school,' " Decesare says.

Georgetown coach John Thompson has loudly complained that the new NCAA rules make it harder for a college coach to establish a relationship with a kid than it is for a street agent to do so. Despite its billion-dollar TV contract for college basketball, the NCAA has an enforcement staff of only 20. Bishop Ford coach Ray Nash, the current director of the New York State Catholic High School Athletic Association, says many coaches look at the NCAA's puny investigative force and at the problems in summer basketball, and they morosely conclude, "The NCAA doesn't want to take this on."

In fact, the threat of significant penalties is perceived to be so weak that even Adidas's Vaccaro—whom scouting service director Bob Gibbons calls the "master vampire in all this" for having started the summer madness by tossing around sneaker-company money until he had "a lot of little vampires just like him"—chides the NCAA for letting the summer scene get out of control.

"It's ludicrous to think that the NCAA, in their infinite wisdom, would allow this to be—where these summer people can come to Las Vegas with a group, and these kids can just roam the streets freely," Vaccaro said during his Adidas tournament. "If you go out on the Strip tonight, I guarantee you, you'll see a group of players that happen to be someplace where someone is recruiting them. I know it for a fact. So where do you see the sanity in this? The rules are ridiculous. They're made by people who have no idea what they're making, so it's easy to circumvent them. It's *legally* easy."

Worse, there is no serious movement for change. Not in the NCAA. Not in the National Federation of State High School Associations. And not in the National Association of Basketball Coaches. Some state high school associations, including New York's public schools, have passed rules allowing high school coaches to work with summer teams. But the sad truth is that there is no single malignancy that, if cut out, would cure the summer scene.

"The only way to stop it is to shut it down—make the summer dead," says Gibbons.

"The whole summer issue needs to be addressed," says Georgia Tech coach Bobby Cremins.

Left alone, summer basketball will only get worse. There are more touring teams all the time. Good people are leaving the scene, fed up with what it takes to compete. But that only creates more room for the power brokers who are bankrolling kids, and the flesh peddlers who are getting paid to deliver players to colleges or agents.

With such unscrupulous characters having knowledge of deals that can cost a college player his eligibility, it does not require a great leap to imagine a recurrence of the college point-shaving scandals of the 1950s. "It definitely could happen," says Vaccaro, whose brother, Jimmy, runs the sports book at the Mirage in Vegas. "When you are obligated to somebody and they call the markers in, you better be prepared to do one of two things: You better be prepared to do what they ask. Or run."

As long as everyone keeps running away from the summer tour's problems and the Faustian pacts being forged there, little is likely to improve. Those "vampires" Gibbons mentioned no longer bother waiting for the cover of night. They're out there sucking blood from the streets in the naked light of day. ■

For D'Almeida, are the Gauchos just a trophy collection?

MANNY MILLAN

INSIDE **The NFL**

by PETER KING

He's Baaack!

LAST SATURDAY evening, as the Cowboys walked through an Atlanta hotel on the way to their pregame meetings, the fans who flock to the Cowboy Traveling Salvation Show were beside themselves.

"Mi-*kull*!" they shouted at wideout Michael Irvin, as they pressed against a security barrier. They greeted quarterback Troy Aikman and running back Emmitt Smith by waving and hooting their names. They did moose calls for fullback Daryl (Moose) Johnston. And then they saw Deion Sanders, Dallas's newest star, standing quietly in a corner, checking his pager for messages, and they shrieked his name, too.

"Welcome to the galaxy of stars," Cowboy special teams coach Joe Avezzano said to a visitor in the midst of all the hollering. "Deion fits right in, doesn't he?"

That's exactly what Dallas likes about Sanders. In the Cowboys' mechanical 28–13 thrashing of the Falcons at the Georgia Dome, Sanders's debut with Dallas—he had spent the previous five weeks recuperating from surgery on his left ankle—was certainly the story of the day. But Sanders's unveiling wasn't suffocating to the rest of the Cowboys. Sanders did exactly what Dallas had hoped he would do. He didn't dominate the game, he simply fit right in.

On the 45 Falcon plays during which Sanders appeared at cornerback, Atlanta quarterback Jeff George completed one pass against him, an 11-yard first-quarter throw to Bert Emanuel. Sanders was a wideout on four offensive plays, decoying on two, catching a six-yard quick-hitter from Aikman on another and just barely missing a 48-yard throw on the fourth. Meanwhile, Smith was piling up 167 yards on the ground, Irvin was hauling in 10 balls for 135 yards, and Aikman, despite throwing an uncharacteristic interception, was completing 19 of his 25 passes for 198 yards and two touchdowns. On defense, Charles Haley sacked George twice.

Sanders happily found his niche and blended in. "Defensively, I threw a one-hitter, and I'll take that any day," he said.

This was a perfect time for Sanders to join the Cowboys, who have one more game, next Monday night against the Eagles, before the Grudge Bowl on Nov. 12 against the 49ers, who are reeling after Sunday's 11–7 loss to the Saints. Sanders thoroughly frustrated Emanuel with his clinging coverage. On one play he deftly disguised a hold on Emanuel's jersey in the end zone, knocking the second-year receiver off his route as George threw his way. "He held me!" Emanuel screamed to back judge Al Jury, but Jury told him he had not seen the penalty. Later, Emanuel said, "I guess when you reach his plateau, those

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Though no household name, Paup (95) is known to the experts.

SI's Midseason All-Pro Team

IT IS not surprising that six of the 11 offensive starters on our 1995 midseason all-star team—including our MVP, tailback Emmitt Smith—are Cowboys. What is unexpected is that the second-leading vote-getter on the defensive side of the ball in our poll of 15 team personnel directors is Bill outside linebacker Bryce Paup. Paup, who is fourth in the NFL sack race, with eight, was named on all but two of the personnel directors' ballots. The Packers, for whom Paup played from 1990 to '94, always viewed him as a good pass rusher; he had 32½ sacks for Green Bay before moving to Buffalo as a free agent this spring. But they also felt that he was a guy who had to play in space to be at his most productive. Playing in space refers to a defensive strategy that allows a front-seven player to roam freely so that he doesn't have an offensive man blocking him head-on.

In Buffalo, however, Paup often has a tight end (in a standard run defense) or a guard (on passing downs) chipping away at him. "Plus, in Green Bay, I was dropping back into pass coverage quite a bit," says Paup. "Now I'm rushing quite a bit more."

Here's the team, with vote totals in parentheses.

things don't get called." You got that right, Bert.

Sanders—and the Cowboys—may have more difficulty escaping the scrutiny of the NFL's lawyers. The league believes that the contract Sanders signed violates the salary cap portion of the league's collective bargaining agreement, and it went to court last week to try to force owner Jerry Jones to rewrite the contract or take Sanders off the field. This week Jones is expected to respond with a brief of his own.

The NFL Management Council's argument was submitted to U.S. district court judge David Doty, who oversees the collective bargaining agreement, on Oct. 23. The brief, obtained by SI, contends that Dallas is "committed to spending this year more on player compensation than the average NFL club receives in annual net revenues.... The Cowboys are spending this year

	OFFENSE
WR	**Jerry Rice,** *49ers* (11)
	Michael Irvin, *Cowboys* (8)
T	**Erik Williams,** *Cowboys* (10)
	Richmond Webb, *Dolphins* (4)
G	**Steve Wisniewski,** *Raiders* (7)
	Nate Newton, *Cowboys* (6)
C	**Dermontti Dawson,** *Steelers* (9)
TE	**Tony McGee,** *Bengals* (5)
QB	**Troy Aikman,** *Cowboys* (10)
RB	**Emmitt Smith,** *Cowboys* (13)
FB	**Daryl Johnston,** *Cowboys* (6)
OFFENSIVE ROOKIE	**Joey Galloway, WR,** *Seahawks* (4)
	DEFENSE
DE	**Reggie White,** *Packers* (14)
	Bruce Smith, *Bills* (9)
DT	**John Randle,** *Vikings* (7)
	Eric Swann, *Cardinals* (4)
LB	**Bryce Paup,** *Bills* (13)
	Junior Seau, *Chargers* (5)
	Derrick Thomas, *Chiefs* (5)
CB	**Aeneas Williams,** *Cardinals* (6)
	Donnell Woolford, *Bears* (6)
FS	**Merton Hanks,** *49ers* (7)
SS	**Darren Woodson,** *Cowboys* (7)
DEFENSIVE ROOKIE	**Hugh Douglas, DE,** *Jets* (11)
	SPECIALISTS
P	**Darren Bennett,** *Chargers* (4)
K	**Morten Andersen,** *Falcons* (8)
RETURN	**Brian Mitchell,** *Redskins* (6)

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101 percent ($67.1 million) of that average ($66.6 million) [in salaries, bonuses and benefits]."

The NFL brief goes on to state that the Cowboys have circumvented the 1995 cap of $37.1 million by shelling out $40.2 million in bonuses, and it asks that Sanders's $13 million signing bonus be allotted over four seasons ('95 through '98), not seven as it is under the present contract.

The league believes that Jones is playing dirty pool, because he is technically paying Sanders only the veteran's minimum of $178,000 over three years, and though only five years of the seven-year Sanders contract are guaranteed, his bonus is assigned to all seven years. If Jones gets his way, three sevenths of the bonus would be assigned to uncapped years—which begin in 1999 when the collective bargaining agreement expires—even if Sanders is long gone by then. "The destabilizing effects of such a result would be devastating," states the brief. "[It] would turn the NFL into a two-tier league of haves and have-nots."

If the league prevails, the Cowboys will have $1.39 million more assigned to this year's salary cap than they had anticipated. Jones would have to lower his payroll immediately, either by dropping high-paid players or restructuring some player contracts, which he has already had to do for some of his stars. That would also mean that Dallas would have higher salary obligations—and less room under the cap—in years ahead.

Jones said on Sunday that "there is no scenario" that would strip the Cowboys of Sanders's services in 1995. The league is clearly prepared to test his resolve.

JOHN IACONO

In his first game as a Cowboy, Sanders (21) taught Emanuel a few tricks about pass defense.

Good Question

Defensive players, including the usually uncomplaining Bill defensive end Bruce Smith, are riled about chop blocks. If an offensive player is going one-on-one with a defender, the chop block is technically legal—though it is perilous to the knees—so there is nothing league officials can do about it without a rule change. "[Defensive players] need to get an advocate, someone who will take their case strongly to competition committee meetings," says the NFL's Gene Washington, who levies the fines for on-field misconduct. Counters Smith: "Why do we have to get someone to make a case for us, while quarterbacks get new rules to protect them all the time?"

Phony-Niners

This could be the starting 49er backfield when San Francisco confronts the expansion Panthers—and their historic three-game winning streak—this Sunday:

Quarterback—Elvis Grbac.

Running back—Derek Loville.

Fullback—Jamal Willis.

But don't worry, Niner fans; the renowned Ted Popson and Brett Carolan will split the duty at tight end.

The knee injuries on Sunday suffered by fullback William Floyd, who is out for the year, and tight end Brent Jones, coupled with the Niners' 11–7 loss to the feeble Saints and the fact that quarterback Steve Young is still nursing a bruised left shoulder, should convince you that this is not a Niner year. Says tackle Harris Barton, "If anyone is the lifeblood of this team, it's not Jerry Rice or Steve Young. It's William Floyd. His loss is going to be tough to overcome."

Jerry Junior

On Sunday, as 49er wideout Jerry Rice set the alltime record for receiving yards (he had 14,140 at the end of the Niner-Saint game), second-year Ram receiver Isaac Bruce continued his chase of the mark for most yards in a season. Bruce needs to average 101.1 yards per game to break the record held by Charley Hennigan, who had 1,746 yards in 1961 for the Oilers, who were then in the AFL. Though he was held all afternoon by Eagle defenders, Bruce caught nine passes for 105 yards in a 20–9 loss on Sunday. It was his fourth straight 100-yard game. "They were double-teaming me, and they were still holding," said Bruce. "I couldn't understand why." They do that to the great ones, Isaac.

Dispatches

Brown owner Art Modell is disappointed that the city of Cleveland isn't doing much to help him build a stadium, and he recently had talks with people interested in moving the Browns to Anaheim. Still, he will probably keep his team in Cleveland for the time being. The Bears, though, could move 22 miles southeast of Chicago, near Gary, Ind. One Bear insider thinks that CEO Mike McCaskey will move to a new, out-of-state stadium rather than agree to a city plan to radically refurbish Soldier Field.... Bill Parcells–coached teams have always won a few games each year with the play of special teams, but the Patriots are losing in part because of the kicking game. In Sunday's 20–17 overtime loss to Carolina, punter Pat O'Neill allowed Carolina to start drives at the Pats' 41, 49 and, in the extra period, 32. ■

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INSIDE College Football

by CHRISTIAN STONE

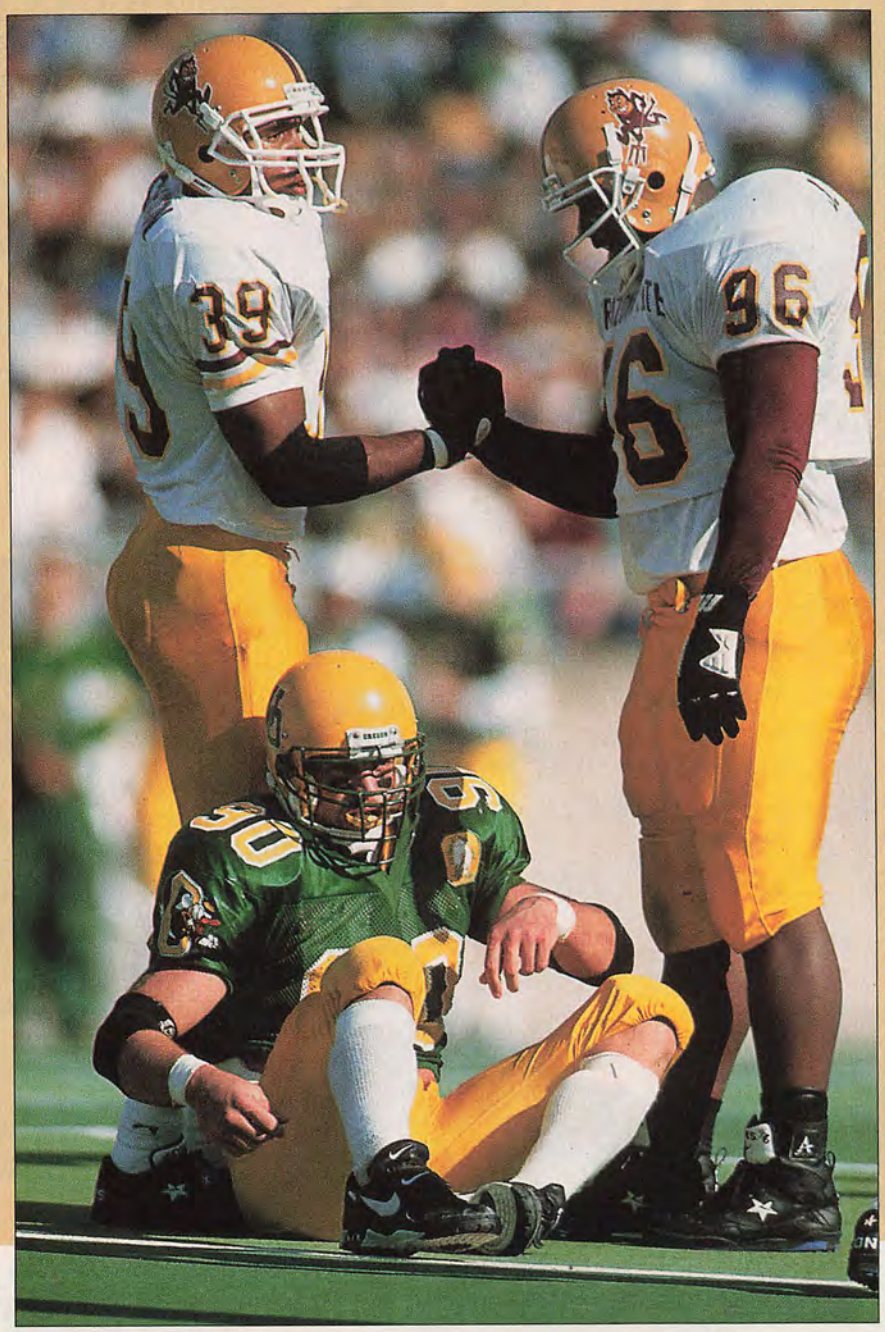
The Rose Looks Wilted

WHEN USC came back to tie Washington 21–21, and Oregon fell to Arizona State 35–24 last Saturday, those results assured that, as happened last season, no Pac-10 team will go to Pasadena with more than nine wins. That would not bode well for the Big Ten's Ohio State, which, like Penn State last season, could go unbeaten and still finish no higher than second in the final national polls, at least in part because it was left to face a relatively unimposing bowl opponent.

It appears almost certain that Nebraska will play the winner of the Nov. 25 Florida–Florida State game in a No. 1 versus No. 2 Fiesta Bowl matchup made possible by the bowl alliance. However the Big Ten and Pac-10 are committed by long-standing contract to send their champions to the Rose Bowl. Thus the Buckeyes could be obliged to face a Pac-10 team that won't crack the Top 5 and conceivably not the Top 10. In fact USC, at 14th, is the highest ranked Pac-10 team in the latest Associated Press poll.

A Rose Bowl mismatch, though, could have a salutary effect. "The best thing that could happen for the alliance is a bad Rose Bowl matchup," says one Big Ten coach. "Put a 12–0 Ohio State against a Pac-10 team with a couple of losses, and people are even more likely to scream that the Big Ten is getting screwed. Make enough noise and the Rose Bowl will listen" to those who think it should join the alliance.

BRAD MANGIN



Just as Damien Richardson (39) and Jason Reynolds dropped Josh Wilcox, the Sun Devils felled Oregon.

Razorback Resurgence

In Arkansas they had become as abundant as Whitewater suspects: can't-miss quarterbacks whose hype was exceeded only by their disappointment. Two summers ago sophomore Mike Cherry was anointed the starter. Four months later, having fallen to third on the depth chart, he transferred to Murray State. This fall Arkansas coach Danny Ford named Robert Reed, the 1993 Deep South High School Player of the Year, his starting signal-caller. Two series into Arkansas' 17–14 season-opening loss to SMU, Ford pulled Reed. Two days later Reed quit.

That left only senior Barry Lunney Jr. In fact Lunney, a pitcher on the Hog baseball team and a former draft pick of the Montreal Expos, once seemed a better bet to leave the team than Reed or Cherry. Only a year ago, as the Razorbacks struggled through a 4–7 season with Lunney at the controls, Arkansas football fans nearly booed him right out of the sport.

How long ago that seemed last Saturday night. Led by Lunney, who completed 17 of 24 passes for 199 yards, and tailback Madre Hill (45 carries, 186 yards), the Hogs drew within one win of an SEC West title with their 30–28 defeat of Auburn. An Arkansas championship in the West would be the first

by a team other than Alabama since the league went to a divisional format in 1992.

That is a startling about-face for a once proud program that had not had a winning season in the 1990s. How far had Arkansas fallen? When pollsters kept them out of the Top 25, even after their 5–2 start, some Razorbacks didn't complain. "We haven't done anything over the past three years to dictate that we deserve to be ranked at 5–2," Lunney said three days before the game against Auburn. "And that's our own fault." The AP voters changed their minds after Arkansas's narrow defeat of the Tigers, vaulting the Razorbacks to 18th place.

Line of the Week

Rusty LaRue, 55 of 78, 464 yards

In a 42–26 loss to Duke, LaRue, the Wake Forest quarterback and a three-sport athlete, broke the record for most completions in a game and in a half. In the second half he clicked on 41 of 56 passes for 337 yards and four touchdowns. "I knew the pitch count was getting a little high," said LaRue, who is also a backup shooting guard on the Deacons' basketball team and a starting baseball pitcher. "I thought they might have to bring in a reliever."

Game of the Week

Penn State (6–2) at Northwestern (7–1)

If the Wildcats win their last three games and Ohio State remains unbeaten, Northwestern will go to the nonalliance Citrus Bowl and would probably play a 10-1 Tennessee team. That game could be a better matchup than every New Year's weekend bowl, except the Fiesta. ■

Players of the Week

Offense

Iowa State's Troy Davis, the nation's top rusher, had 202 yards on 37 carries in the Cyclones' 38–14 win over Oklahoma State. He became Iowa State's single-season rushing leader, with 1,526 yards.

Defense

Penn State defensive end–outside linebacker Terry Killens had four sacks, seven tackles, forced a fumble and blocked a punt that he returned 25 yards for a touchdown in the Nittany Lions' 45–21 victory over Indiana.

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My Favorite Chauvinist

"Bobby Riggs wasn't just a gambler and a gamesman; he was a legend"

by Billie Jean King

BOBBY RIGGS was my friend. I know some people may be surprised to hear that, but he was. The Battle of the Sexes irrevocably bonded us. Even in the heat of our rivalry, Bobby was impossible to resent or dislike, because he took such joy in the contest. Bobby was the ultimate opponent; he would play anybody at anything. When he died on Oct. 25, at age 77, after a long bout with prostate cancer, I said goodbye to one of the great adversaries in sports, to a brother and to a fellow champion.

What few people remember about Bobby is that he was once the No. 1 tennis player in the world. He wasn't just a gambler and a gamesman; he was a legend. Long before I ever met him I felt that I knew him, because while growing up in the tennis clubs of Southern California, I heard such marvelous stories about him. The most amazing of them was about how, as an unknown 21-year-old amateur in 1939, he went to London bookies and bet heavily on himself, at long odds, to win a Wimbledon triple crown.

Riggs, shown here at age 19, won Wimbledon, the U.S. title and the affection of the author.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

And then he did it. He beat Elwood Cooke in a five-set men's final, teamed with Cooke to win doubles and partnered Alice Marble to the mixed doubles crown. He went on to win the 1939 U.S. Championships singles title at Forest Hills and collect the No. 1 ranking—and a few more bucks, no doubt.

The artistry of Bobby's game was later forgotten, when his hustling became so outrageous. Once he played a British Parliament member's wife with chairs and umbrellas spread here and there on his side of the court. Another time he ran a marathon in Death Valley against a Tasmanian long distance champion and won. And, of course, he played me in 1973.

I didn't really want to play Bobby. I remember one night Margaret Court and I were alone in an elevator in Detroit, and she suddenly said, "I'm going to play Bobby Riggs for $35,000." And I thought, That's not enough money for the hassle she's going to get. I wished her luck and told her that it wouldn't be a tennis match, that it would be a circus. "Do me one favor, Margaret," I added. "Just beat him."

I was about to board a plane in Honolulu when I heard Bobby had won 6–2, 6–1. I walked down the aisle of the plane with lockjaw, because I knew I would have to play him. All of the implications of the match flashed through my mind: It would be for Title IX legislation and the women's movement and all of the inequities women felt so deeply.

I hit 350 overheads a day trying to get ready for Bobby's spins and lobs. When I arrived at the Astrodome in Houston, where 30,472 people attended the match, there was all kinds of hoopla. I just sat there while Bobby said things like, "If a woman wants to get in the headlines, she should have quintuplets." He was hilarious, in his Sugar Daddy jacket with his briefcase full of vitamins. It was great. Our sport needed to lighten up, we needed to take it to the people, and that's what Bobby and I did. We pushed every button people had.

When I won, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3, Bobby was exceptionally gracious. He jumped the net, kissed me and said, "You were too good. I wasn't ready for how good you were."

From then on we kissed and hugged whenever we saw each other. He at first wanted a rematch, but I felt one was all history needed, and he came to agree with me. Eventually he became proud that he had played me. He knew he had helped tennis and helped women.

People ask me if Bobby was really a chauvinist. I think he was just a man of his era. Nora Ephron, the film director and screenwriter, was a magazine writer previewing the match, and she asked him what he really thought about women. He replied, "All my life everything has been a contest. This so turns me on and I so love it—I love the competition—and that's the thing I crave, like some guys crave alcohol and other guys crave women. I crave the game. . . . So to answer your question, what do I think of women, I really never thought about them that much. I don't really know much about them." Then Ephron asked what he really knew about women's liberation. "You're not going to believe this," he said. "Nothing."

Bobby was a hustler and a showman, but he was honest. He took his defeats and paid his debts without complaint, and he expected others to do the same. He had honor, and he had humor. It is so important in any dialogue between opponents to maintain those two things. In our case, it led to a deep regard for each other.

I said my farewell to Bobby three weeks ago. He knew it was time; he was very sick, exhausted by pain, and he spoke with his friends by phone from his home. One of his few pleasures was the planning of the Bobby Riggs tennis museum, which is being overseen by longtime friend Lornie Kuhle. Most of all he was frustrated by his immobility, his inability to play any game.

"We really did it, didn't we, Billie?" he said. "We made a difference." Then he said he loved me, and I said I loved him. ■

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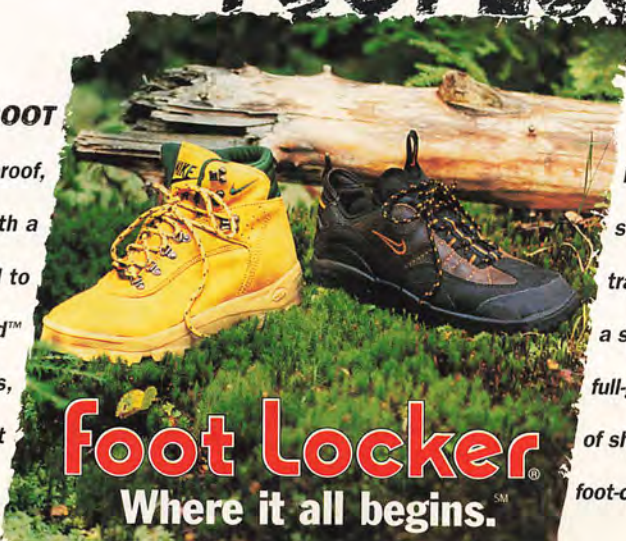

KHYBER III MID BOOT

An incredibly waterproof, Nike-Air® cushioned boot with a solid rubber outsole sealed to a full-grain leather WaterShield™ lined upper. In other words, it can get through anything without anything getting through it.

AIR MADA PLUS LOW

Designed specifically for whatever– scrambling, mountain biking, trail running, surviving. Built with a solid rubber Nike Regrind™ outsole, full-grain and split leather, and lots of shock-absorbing, rock-softening, foot-cradling Nike-Air® cushioning.

Foot Locker®

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WHAT YOUR SEAT SAYS ABOUT YOU.

1 A firm, sculpted seat like this doesn't come easy. It takes a lot of work. So if what you're sitting on looks like this, it tells the world that you're sitting in one seriously comfortable truck: the Chevy S-Series. It's designed from the inside out, so the interior doesn't just sit there looking good — it feels good, too. The manual lumbar adjuster on the optional bucket seat cradles your back with a customized fit. Aah, that's better.

2 It says you're very organized. The tunes, temperature controls and optional tach — just about everything you need to see or touch or hear — are right there in front of you, or close at hand. With a clean, functional design that's a pleasure to use.

3 It says you're laid back. It should comfort you to know that the S-Series Extended-Cab gives you plenty of shoulder room, hip room and head room. Plus an extra notch of seat travel for more front seat leg room than most full-size extended-cab pickups.

4 It says your truck is designed from the inside out — just the way you drive it. But don't let all this talk about comfort and design make you think we've gone soft. Nothing's tougher on dirt than the Chevy S-Series. So stop reading. And start driving.

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